

SOCIETY for the DISCHARGE and RELIEF of PERSONS IMPRISONED for SMALL DEBTS throughout ENGLAND and WALES. Established 1772.

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CAPEL CURE, Esq. and HENRY HARWOOD PENNY, Esq. at the ANNUAL MEETING of GOVERNORS, held in Craven-street, on Wednesday, the 7th day of April, 1832, the accounts of receipts and expenditure for twelve months, ending the 31st of December, 1831, having been laid upon the table, and audited, the Secretary reported that the number of Debtors discharged and relieved from the undermentioned Prisons, during the same period, was 136, of whom 97 had wives and 39 children, the average expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Charity, was 13s. 11d. 11d. for each Debtor discharged and relieved, viz.:

Bacon	1	Lancaster	21	Reading	3
Barnes	1	Leeds	1	Rotham	1
Bristol	1	London	1	Shrewsbury	1
Cardiff	1	Queen's	4	Springfield	4
Derby	1	Whitcomb-st.	29	Stafford	1
Derham	1	Maidstone	3	St. Mary's	1
Exeter	1	Manchester	3	St. Peter's	1
Falmouth	1	Monmouth	3	Winchester	2
Gloucester	1	Northampton	3	Worcester	1
Hampstead	1	Nottingham	1	York	10
Hull	1	Petersham	1	Total from all	136

Resolved—That the Governors present their sincere acknowledgments to the Right Honourable the Earl of Romney, for the generous interest constantly evinced by his Lordship in the affairs of the Society.

Resolved—That the sincere thanks of the Governors be presented to Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq. M. P. for the valuable aid rendered to the Society by his assiduous and effective performance of the duties of Treasurer thereof.

Resolved—That the most cordial thanks of the Governors be presented to Capel Cure, Esq. and Henry Harwood Penny, Esq. for their valuable and important services in auditing the accounts of the Charity.

Resolved—That the Governors renew to Mr. Lunn, the Secretary of the Society, the expression of their high appreciation of his zealous services, and of the high regard in which they hold him. The cases of 15 petitioners were afterwards considered, of which 11 were approved, and 4 inadmissible.

Resolved—That, since the meeting held on the 3rd of March, one Debtor having neither wife nor child, has been discharged from prison the expense of whose liberation, together with the charge connected with the Society, was 30s. 7d. 9d., and the following

John Peppars, Esq.	£ 45 0 0
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Donations are received by Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq. the Treasurer, No. 1, Brick-court, Temple; also by the following: Messrs. Cocks, Drummonds, Horries, Hoares, Yeres; and by the Secretary, No. 7, Craven-street, Strand, where the books may be seen by those who are inclined to support the Charity, and where the Society meets on the first Wednesday in every month.

JOSEPH LUNN, Secretary.

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REVIEWS

A Visitation of the Seats and Arms of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Great Britain. By John Bernard Burke. Part I. Colburn & Co.

THE 'Peerage' and the 'Landed Gentry' of Mr. Burke are two works of public utility,—constantly referred to by all classes of inquirers,—and rarely opened without being found to supply the information sought, and not unfrequently matters of moment meriting remembrance. They are not works, it is true, of the scope and character of the Peerages of Dugdale and Douglas,—nor do they at all times evince that patient and expensive searching among wills and family papers of which Collins's *own* Peerage affords so many instances;—but they are in their way accessions of value to our books of reference,—and few who write or talk much about English Peers and English Landed Gentry can well be looked on as safe authorities without a knowledge of the contents of Mr. Burke's careful compilations.

The 'Visitation of the Seats and Arms of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Great Britain'—of which the first Part has just been published—will form a companion work to the 'Peerage' and the 'Landed Gentry.' The idea is a good one. Englishmen of the present day know less of their own beautiful country than they know of Belgium and Switzerland. Travelling in England is expensive;—on the Continent it is much cheaper. Then, the temptation to see countries in which everything is novel is greater than the temptation thought to be afforded by the castles, abbeys, and manor-houses of our forefathers, or the "seats" of the present generation of our nobility, which Mr. Burke has undertaken to describe. It is much to be regretted that Englishmen are comparatively so ill informed about England;—and we are half inclined to be of old Lord Burleigh's way of thinking,—who, when applied to as Prime Minister for permission to travel abroad, would examine those so applying as to what they knew of England,—and if he found them indifferently "up" in their own country, he would "pluck" them—bidding them stay at home and learn to know England first. This kind of examination would now be a serious tax on a Prime Minister,—and we almost doubt if it would lead to any great proficiency in the knowledge of what is to be seen at home, while home-travelling on roads is surrounded with so many difficulties and hotels continue to maintain their outrageous charges.

Mr. Burke derives the title of his present work from the personal visitations formerly made by Heralds to the houses of the gentry of England bearing arms. This good practice, which has been the means of giving us so much biographical information of the utmost authenticity, was discontinued in 1687; and though the knowledge which it was the means of furnishing has been supplied in some measure by the at times fuller information to be found in parish registers and newspapers, county and other local histories,—yet the cessation of the practice must ever be a subject of regret to the genealogist and the antiquary. Of these "visitations" Mr. Burke writes thus:—

"It was at one time the custom for the Heralds to make Visitations, as they were called, amongst the various nobles and landed proprietors, for the purpose of inquiring into, and setting right, all irregularities connected with armorial bearings, and for compiling the necessary records. Of so much importance were these Visitations held at the time, that they took place by virtue of a commission under the privy seal, to the two provincial Kings of Arms, authorising and commanding each of them, either personally or by deputy, to visit the whole of his

province as often as he should think fit, to convene before him all manner of persons who pretended to the use of arms, or were styled esquires and gentlemen, and to cause those thus summoned to show by what authority they claimed the distinction. Great, and almost unreasonable powers were granted to them for the carrying out of these objects. They had license, not only to enter, upon reasonable request, and at reasonable hours of the day, into all churches, castles, houses, and other places, to peruse therein all arms, cognizances, crests, and other devices, and to record the same, with the descents, marriages, and issue, in Register Books—which are now so well known as the Visitations—but also to correct and reform all bearings unlawfully usurped or inaccurately adopted, and in certain cases to reverse, pull down, and deface the same. The mode of procedure was this:—on arriving at the place wherein the Visitation was to be holden, the provincial King issued a warrant, directed to the high constable of the hundred, or to the mayor or chief officer of the district, commanding him to warn the several knights, esquires, and gentlemen particularly named in such warrant, as well as others within his jurisdiction, to appear personally before him, at the house and on the day specified, and to bring with them such arms and crests as they then bore, together with their pedigrees and descents, and such evidences and ancient writings as might justify the same, in order to their being registered. On the day appointed, the provincial King, or his deputy, attended, and so long as the laws of chivalry were honoured and esteemed, general attention and respect were paid to these summonses; attested pedigrees were submitted to the heralds, and thus were produced the important registrations of which we are speaking, and which have preserved to the present period many a line of descent that would otherwise have been irretrievably lost."

The "seats" in the present Part occupy one hundred and forty-two double-columned pages, containing descriptions of some two hundred and thirty seats,—and are accompanied by some seventeen carefully executed lithographs of various mansions.—The Visitation (paged separately) occupies thirty-two pages, describes nearly two hundred coats of arms, and is accompanied by carefully finished engravings on steel of sixty-one coats. We could have wished that the arrangement had been alphabetical;—but in a work of so much labour, and we must add expense, this was all but impossible. The seats and arms are arranged in the order, we suspect, in which Mr. Burke has been able to obtain materials about them;—a plan which has led to greater accuracy and fullness than in a purely alphabetical plan he would at first perhaps have been enabled to give. The defect, however, is remedied in both instances by careful Indexes,—so that there is little or no difficulty in turning to the places or arms described.

It is a merit in Mr. Burke that he has not confined his Visitations to Warwick Castle or Arundel Castle, Chatsworth or Castle Howard, Crewe Hall or Hinchbrook House,—but that his journeyings and inquiries have been extended to modern mansions. We must confess that we have been curious in turning to his pages for recent restorations and new buildings, such as Sudeley Castle, in Gloucestershire (the seat of John and William Dent, Esquires), or Pudleston Court, in Herefordshire (the seat of Elias Chadwick, Esq.), or Somerleyton, in Suffolk (the seat of Samuel Morton Peto, Esq.),—and not less eager for information about Mr. Grisell's new house at Norbury Park, Mr. Cubitt's new mansion at Denbies, or Lord Sudeley's castle, or whatever it may be, of his own design, at Toddington, in Gloucestershire. Two or three of these places are included in Mr. Burke's first Part,—but he is scarcely full and minute enough about them to suit our temporary wants. Thus, he has not told us that the famous quarry above ground called Pudleston, in Herefordshire, is of Mr. Chadwick's own

design,—that it is something between a Castle and a Perpendicular Mansion,—and that the situation is in an inaccessible quarter of an inaccessible county,—at present without good roads to it, and certainly for the lifetime of its architect and owner without prospects. We have ourselves seen Pudleston. For an amateur's work, it may be commended,—and parts of it may be praised architecturally. The principal staircase is good,—while in other parts and viewed as a whole we are reminded of what was said of Marshal Wade's new house by Chesterfield or Hervey (it is uncertain which):—"It is too small to live in, and too large to hang to your watch."

As an average specimen of Mr. Burke's way of writing, the account of Knebworth, the seat of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, may be taken.—

"The house, which stands on the highest hill in the county, was originally a large quadrangle with outer walls and courts, the east front or gateway having, in truth, been a portion of the ancient fort. For many years it had received little attention from its various owners, being for the most part uninhabited, till in 1811 Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, the mother of Sir Edward, proceeded to the task of renovation with as much spirit as good taste and judgment. It was now found necessary to remove three sides; the fourth side, built by Sir Robert de Lytton in the earliest style of Tudor architecture, resembling Richmond Palace erected in the same reign, was preserved, strict attention being paid in all the repairs to the ancient character. The principal apartments are the banquet hall, the oak drawing-room, the library, and the great drawing-room, or presence chamber. The ceiling of the banquet hall belongs to the age of Henry the Seventh, the screen is Elizabethan, and the chimney-piece with the panelling appears to date from the time of Charles the Second, when Inigo Jones had made the Corinthian column fashionable. One door in this leads to the oak drawing-room, where in the reign of Charles the First, the great parliamentary leaders, Pym, Elliott, and Hampden used to meet to concert their measures; for the Sir William Lytton of that day, who sat in parliament for the county, was their staunch supporter. That he was in high estimation with them is evident from his having been appointed one of the commissioners to treat with the king at Oxford, but at a later period he opposed Cromwell, and was one of the members confined in the place popularly called *Hell-hole*. To commemorate this event an old subterranean chamber in one of the towers, since removed, received the same appellation. A second door in the banquet-hall communicates with a large cellar, this being a rare remnant of a singular ancient custom. In the olden time it was usual for the gentlemen after dinner to retreat, for the purpose of drinking, to a cellar adjoining the great hall, which with that view was always kept in the utmost order, and this vault is the more curious from the fact that there are few houses now remaining with similar constructions. The library, a large Gothic apartment, is entered from the oak drawing-room. The chimney-piece of this noble chamber is ornamented with the arms of the Lyttons, St. Johns, Beauchamps, Robinsons, Stanleys of Hooton, and Grosvenors. A double flight of stairs leads to the state-rooms, the carved balustrades of which support the lion rampant, one of the ancient crests brought into the family by its alliance with the Strodes. The staircase itself is hung with trophies of armour of the time of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, and also with various pictures, some being family portraits. The windows are blazoned with descents from the alliance with Barrington and that of the St. Johns. The first state-room, though small, is ancient, and curious from its walls being covered with old stamped leather, richly gilt, and in high preservation, while the woodwork is grotesquely carved in panels. Upon the ceiling are painted the arms of Sir Rowland Lytton as heir general to the families of Booth, Godmanster, Oke, Burnavil, and Durward. Between this room and the long ante-room there is a communication. The latter deserves notice as being hung with *bugle* tapestry, of which it is pro-

bable that there does not exist in England a second specimen. From thence, an oval drawing-room conducts to the old Presence Chamber, converted by modern habits into a drawing-room, upon the ceiling and windows of which are ninety-nine quarters brought in through the ancient families of Norreys and Robinson in the time of Anne, while the frieze below shows the arms of the descents of the late Mrs. Bulwer Lytton from the ancient British kings through Sir Owen Tudor and Elystan Glodrydd, from the Plantagenets through Ruth Barington—and from the Tudors through Sir William Norreys' marriage with Anne Tudor, aunt to Henry the Seventh. Amongst many relics of the olden time preserved in this room are two Gothic cabinets, belonging to the age of Henry the Seventh, sets of chairs with the old cloth of gold, a very curiously carved and gilt procession of our Saviour to the cross (the workmanship of the fourteenth century), and some ebony tables that were made in the time of Henry the Eighth. With these are blended some rarities of a very opposite character; such for instance as chairs of solid ivory and gold that once belonged to Tippoo Saib. Yet more interesting to the antiquarian are the pictures that may be said to present a sort of historic gallery, illustrating our ancient chronicles. Artists themselves are too much in the habit of undervaluing portraits, for what pictures after all affect the mind so strongly as these shadowy representations of the great and the good of other times? Among the portraits in these rooms, is a remarkable head of Shakespeare in profile, at the age of 31—the original of a very rare engraving of the Poet, which is prefixed to it—here too, in the midst of his kindred companions, are the portrait of Sir Philip Sydney, his own gift to Sir Rowland Lytton; the *vera effigies* of Edward the Sixth,—and rendered doubly valuable, as in the former instance, by having been a gift from him whom it represents to William de Lytton, his governor of Boulogne Castle—the likenesses of Lord Stafford and his wife, and many others of scarcely less value. But every room in the house teems with rarities of one kind or another. The collection of armour scattered about is excellent, furnishing specimens from the time of the Crusaders to the period of the Civil War. The lover of the fine arts, however, will no doubt be more attracted by an exquisite Magdalene by the Spanish painter Gallego; a beautiful Nativity by Albert Dürer; several Dutch pictures of no ordinary merit; and some highly valuable specimens on wood of the earliest period of Dutch, and perhaps of English art. Over the hall is the music gallery, communicating with the round tower chamber, fitted up with golden stamped leather after the fashion that was so prevalent in the time of Charles the Second. From this is a corridor opening into the Hampden room, so called, if we may trust the family tradition, from the illustrious John Hampden having once slept there. The same passage leads to Queen Elizabeth's chamber, wherein is an oaken bedstead, the only one of its kind, we believe, in England, with the exception of that to be found in Berkeley Castle. At one time the antique tapestry had been removed, but it has latterly been brought back; and with equal good taste the chimney-piece has been restored, affording a curious example of the workmanship of other days. Upon it is this inscription—

Hi anno devictis armis Hispan. memorabili requievit Elizabetha, R.A. 1588.

The gardens to the west of the house, are laid out in straight walks, decorated with statues, urns, and similar ornaments, and surrounded with a deer-park of about four hundred acres, intersected with avenues of lime, chestnut, and oak, most of which have attained a great age. The ground is high, broken by dells, and is remarkable for the prospect it commands from the east. The deer are said to be some of the finest in the county, and if this ample space of amusement be not sufficient for the owners of Knebworth they have a right of free warren over the whole of the surrounding districts, granted to them in the time of James the First. At one time this mansion was honoured, as every old building should be, with its own peculiar ghost. The phantom was known as 'Jenny Spinner,' or the Hertfordshire ghost, and about forty years ago the very spinning-wheel was extant which it used in its nightly wanderings.

This is at once in some respects overdone and underdone. Mr. Burke over-praises the pictures; but he has not rendered justice to the room with the leather hangings, or to the fine old entrance hall,—while his omission of any allusion to the Lytton tankards, and to the memorials of English household furniture in the days of the later Tudors and early Stuarts, is one that must be made good in another edition.

In parting with Mr. Burke we must observe, that he is too fond of giving us generalities instead of requisite details,—that he will do well to add to his knowledge of Art and take more pains in describing pictures and family portraits,—and that if his future accounts of seats were one and all accompanied by the number of miles to the nearest railway station the value of his work would be materially increased. He should not omit, moreover, to compress, and at times to minutely correct, the information he obtains. Some of his descriptions run to an undue length:—and we are much mistaken if he is not labouring under an error in supposing that Burke's house at Beaconsfield is still standing. Surely it was destroyed by fire,—and we feel assured that we have stood among its ruins.

History of the French Revolution—[*Histoire de la Révolution Française*]. By Louis Blanc. Vol. III. Paris, Langlois & Leclercq; London, Jeffs.

THE third volume of M. Louis Blanc's 'History of the French Revolution' advances the momentous story only through a short space of time,—the later months of 1789 and into the first days of the following year. It opens with an elaborate chapter on the state of property and the position of proprietors before the Revolution,—in which the writer brings out in strong relief the consequences to the King of the complete fall of the feudal system. A chapter follows on "the Gospel before the Revolution;" and having thus, in a rapid and graphic way, brought the social and spiritual "situation" under the reader's observation, M. Blanc resumes the historical narrative at the point to which he had been conducted at the close of his second volume.

The earlier doings of the Constituent Assembly—the administration of Necker—the intrigues of the Count of Provence—the women at Versailles—the King brought to Paris—the ambition of Mirabeau—and the conspiracies at the Luxembourg—furnish severally headings and materials for exciting chapters. M. Blanc writes with grace and spirit; but the chief interest of his volumes perhaps lies in the fact that they are prophecy as well as history,—that they represent the views of a vast and formidable party still existing in the Republic—the Ultra-Republicans. No reader of ours will need to be told that M. Louis Blanc is a writer of extreme opinions,—or feel surprised to hear that he has something kindly and explanatory to urge in behalf of most of those men of the revolutionary tribunals who are generally denounced as unmitigated monsters. The two most interesting chapters in the new volume are filled with revolutionary portraits:—one of them being especially devoted to the men who figured in the Constituent Assembly,—the other to the history of journals and journalism during the early times of the Revolution. Here we have graphic portraits of Maury, Mounier, Lally-Tollendal, Dupont, Barnave, the Lameths, Sièyes, Robespierre, and Mirabeau,—of Claude Fauchet, Camille Desmoulins, Brissot, Loustalot, and Marat.

Robespierre, that extraordinary and enigmatical genius, is a favourite with Louis Blanc. That writer says—

Robespierre was there! Not that any one had at that time [1789] divined his future ascendancy. In the eyes of those gentlemen who, with the easy and graceful indifference of men of wit, attempted to play the part of the Gracchi, the advocate of Arras was an object of mirth. The Revolution not being as yet transformed into his image, they found his speeches heavy and formal. His appearances in the tribune, which afterwards made them tremble, then made them smile. Of all that there was of grand and fatal in the man, nothing appeared: only that in every debate he went to the bottom of the question. Alone, in the midst of men tormented with so many opposite sentiments, he marched right on, without fear, without hesitation, without regard for persons or consequences, his mental eye fixed on the horizon. The warmth which other men have in the heart, he had in the intellect. He was impassioned by his intelligence. He had beliefs; but they were as solid and as cold as steel. His convictions were at the same time sullen and unchangeable. It was enough for them to distrust the powers of agitation that lay in him. They only learned to comprehend him when they learned to understand the Revolution itself. As he explained his ideas in profound and inflexible formulas, on all sides burst forth a peal of insulting laughter. Nevertheless, on studying these fixed maxims of his,—on putting his faith to the proof,—on looking into his sad eyes,—on contemplating his thin face, of which the olive complexion became in certain moments like the colour of the sea,—some of these men had a confused presentiment of his destiny. "This man," Mirabeau remarked one day, in a moment of involuntary emotion, "will do something:—he believes what he says."

To this picture of the famous democrat we will find a companion in that of Claude Fauchet:—a name less known,—pairing them for contrast rather than for comparison.

There was then at Paris a priest, whose voice agitated and charmed the people. His great height and black hair were those of a warrior. He had the aspect of an apostle and the smile of a woman. When from the pulpit he animated the crowd to combat for liberty, you would have called him Savonarola; but he had in him some reflection of that subtle grace which in St. Francis de Sales drew children towards him and enabled him to speak peace to the mother's troubled heart. * * The happy years of his youth had been passed in watching over dead bodies. Afterwards he was made chaplain to the King—a title which he gained by his talents and lost by his independence. A Christian philosopher, a member of the sect of the Illuminati,—a party in the expectations of that audacious school of which Weishaupt, St. Martin, Cagliostro and Mesmer had represented the various aspects,—Fauchet had already the reputation of a reformer when the Revolution opened. People boasted of his flights of patriotism; they cited many warm passages from his writings; they told how, one day, when preaching before the king's sister-in-law at Longchamps, he described in striking terms the life of the poor, and suddenly stopping himself to hurl a curse at the great of the earth, his visage changed, and with hands extended towards the princess, he cried, "Pardonnez, madame, je vais renouer la boue du cœur humain." * * Fauchet's vehemence was not without a mixture of exquisite sensibility. To his most violent transports succeeded relentings the most profound and ineffable. Why should we fear to say it? He loved,—and he was loved; but with that chaste affection which had inspired in Fénelon the *Révése des Torrents*, an affection living in the highest regions of the ideal,—sun of a soul of which the light colours the whole intelligence. Attacked on the subject of his connexion with Madame Calon, Fauchet replied, "I never lie. I am severely religious. My faith is firm, and based on reason. My manners are correct and hardy as my character. I cherish towards women a general liking; I loved one by a fixed inclination, who independently of all sensual passion made the happiness of my life. People have slandered me on her account; I was attached to her nevertheless,—and I have been chaste. They have very gratuitously attributed heron to me: I have adopted him for my heart. She would have given her life for me: I would have given my life for her. But I would not have sacrificed my virtue."

M. Blanc has a carefully drawn portrait of Marat, a man who has had in this country no defenders, and scarcely an apologist. We cannot transfer his ingenious reasoning to our pages, but we may quote his *résumé* of his own elaborate argument.—

Such was Marat,—this “divine being” [the expression is that of Camille Desmoulins, as M. Louis Blanc is careful to note] who awaited the Pantheon,—this monster, whose bust was thrown into the sewer! How came he to inspire so many passions in the people,—a people remarkable for the constancy of their instincts? Question profound! Besides, what were his motives?—Ambition? Why, when he desired a dictatorship, he wished it not for himself but for Robespierre, whom personally he did not know.—Cupidity? At his death, an assignat of 25 sous was all the money found in his house.—Thirst of honours? While living he protested against the injury that would be done to his ashes if buried with the great.—The passion of glory? He had it when young; but had it not been violently exposed since then to many curses, and could he be ignorant that after him cries of vengeance would come to trouble the silence of his tomb?—The taste for popularity? Each morning he scattered his own to all the winds. Where is room for egoism to be found in the voluntary choice of a dark existence, surrounded with anxieties, always menacing and always menaced, and of which the horror was only lessened by the affection of a woman, the second star which lighted this hell?

—M. Blanc's defence of Marat is rather ingenious than ingenuous. He makes much of his hero's virtues,—but he forgets, or almost forgets, his vices. Nor is the character of Marat one that admits of discussion,—because it is a developed character. Marat spoke in acts as well as in words. The page of history in which his name is inscribed is clotted with blood. Motives become of secondary interest when associated with such terrible facts as cling to the memory of Marat,—and it does not follow that he was not a monster because M. Blanc cannot lay his finger on the passion which inspired his appetite for blood.

The Daltons; or, Three Roads in Life. By Charles Lever. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

WERE we to examine in detail where, how, and why Mr. Lever has in ‘*The Daltons*’ failed to make a permanent and sterling addition to the library of European fiction, we must again recapitulate the heads of that homily which the novelists compel us to preach too frequently,—with small chance of benefiting one whose fame is established, and whose manner cannot be expected to undergo further change. Enough, then, to state, that here is another capital tale spoilt by the frolics of Imagination playing at hap-hazard, in place of working with any purpose of, or feeling for, Art.

Though we do not admit that Mr. Lever is only strong when “his foot is on his native” bog—since he has here proved himself familiar with the humours and humanities of Continental society, and satisfied us that he knows a priest from a Russian Prince and a real fine Lady from a dilettante Quack of the feminine gender,—he did well to make his story radiate from Peter Dalton the expatriated Irish gentleman, living “out at the elbows” at that peculiarly appropriate place, Baden-Baden. This character is capably drawn:—its vulgarity, its insolence, its meanness, its *bravura*, its warmth of natural affection, its hopefulness, and its elasticity, all belong to the country of Miss Edgeworth's *Sir Camilla* and Lady Morgan's *O'Briens* and *O'Flahertys*.—Peter Dalton's children are hardly worthy of such a parentage. Nelly, the lame artist, assisted and sympathized with by a dreamy German toy-merchant—Kate, the Beauty—and Frank, the young soldier—are all, more or less,

ticketed from the first to start on different roads. After having seen them once described, we have little further care about them. Heroines and heroes, however, we concede, must, by right prescriptive, be painted in primitive colours,—their faithless makers not believing in the fascination of beauty with a blemish or in the authority of virtue that has its little imperfections:—and Mr. Dalton's principal persons are called on to perform no common duties. The Knight of the Swan himself, in the fairy tale—the Princess in search of the singing tree, the talking bird, and the yellow water,—were not sent on much stranger pilgrimages than these three Daltons. A fantastic Englishwoman of fashion—own cousin to Lady Morgan's *Lady Dunore*—having some distant family connexion with them, arrives at Baden, and carries off the Beauty:—whose adventures in Italy and Austria and elsewhere are in the boldest strain of romantic adventure.—The young soldier takes service under the *Kaiser*, and thus gets flung into the midst of the recent Italian revolution; which movement (by the way) Mr. Lever believes to have been secretly excited and managed by Austrian state-craft. This gives occasion for the introduction of a Priest, one D'Esmonde, who also is darkly and distantly connected with the Daltons, and who—as that oldest inhabitant of novels, the Priest, should do—regulates and influences the motions of most of the puppets in the play,—possessing resources temporal, spiritual, physical, intellectual, and financial, such as belong to Wonder-Land rather than to old Rome. Indeed, we would rather not believe in the possible existence of beings like D'Esmonde—since, the fact once granted, neither courage nor sense nor virtue can henceforth avail against their omniscient craft, indefatigable labour, and inexhaustible riches.

Though, as may be gathered from the above sketches, ‘*The Three Roads of Life*’ are somewhat wildly laid out as regards their main lines and their principal travellers, what may be called the chance passengers are brightly touched and excellently discriminated. Mr. Lever knows the wayward ways and the mean means of English residents abroad better than most of his predecessors,—and he does not shrink from telling all that he knows. Homekeeping folk will be apt to consider the group described in the following passage as an outrageous caricature. Those, however, who have resided at places like Mannheim, or Gratz, or Florence, or Tours, where living is cheap, existence pleasurable, and society said to be good, will bear us out in saying that the tribe Ricketts is not a small one.—

“If the courts of law and equity be the recognised tribunals by which the rights of property are decided, so there exists in every city certain not less decisive courts, which pronounce upon all questions of social claims, and deliver judgments upon the pretensions of every new arrival amongst them. High amid the number of these was a certain family called Ricketts, who had been residents of Florence for thirty odd years back. They consisted of three persons.—General Ricketts, his wife, and a maiden sister of the general. They inhabited a small house in a garden within the boulevard, dignified by the name of the ‘Villino Zoe.’ It had originally been the humble residence of a market-gardener, but by the aid of paint and plaster, contrived to impose upon the world almost as successfully as did the fair owner herself by the help of similar adjuncts. A word, however, for the humanities before we speak of their abiding place. The ‘General’—Heaven alone knew when, where, or in what service he became so—was a small, delicate little man, with bland manners, a weak voice, a weak stomach, and a weaker head; his instincts all mild, gentle, and inoffensive, and his whole pursuit in life a passion for inventing fortifications, and defending passes and *lignes-du-pont* by lines, circumvallations,

and ravelins, which cost reams of paper and whole buckets of water-colour to describe. The only fire which burned within his nature was a little flickering flame of hope, that one day the world would awake to the recognition of his great discoveries, and his name be associated with those of Vauban and Carnot. Sustained by this, he bore up against contemporary neglect and actual indifference; he whispered to himself, that, like Nelson, he would one day ‘have a gazette of his own,’ and in this firm conviction, he went on with rule and compass, measuring and daubing and drawing from morn till night, happy, humble, and contented: nothing could possibly be more inoffensive than such an existence. Even the French—our natural enemies,—or the Russians—our Palmerstonian ‘Bêtes Noires,’—would have forgiven, had they but seen, the devices of his patriotism. Never did heroic ardour burn in a milder bosom, for though his brain revelled in all the horrors of siege and slaughter, he would not have had the heart to crush a beetle. Unlike him in every respect was the partner of his joys: a more bustling, plotting, scheming existence it was hard to conceive. Most pretenders are satisfied with aspiring to one crown; her ambitions were ‘legion.’ When Columbus received the taunts of the courtiers on the ease of his discovery, and merely replied, that the merit lay simply in the fact that he alone had made it, he was uttering a truth susceptible of very wide application. Nine-tenths of the inventions which promote the happiness or secure the ease of mankind, have been not a whit more difficult than that of balancing the egg. They only needed that some one should think of them, ‘practically.’ Thousands may have done so in moods of speculation or fancy; the grand requisite was a practical intelligence. Such was Mrs. Ricketts. As she had seen at Naples the lava used for mere road-making, which in other hands, and by other treatment, might have been fashioned into all the shapes and colours of Bohemian glass, so did she perceive that a certain raw material was equally misapplied and devoted to base uses, but which, by the touch of genius, might be made powerful as the wand of an enchanter. This was ‘Flattery.’ Do not, like the Spanish courtiers, my dear reader—do not smile at her discovery, nor suppose that she had been merely exploring an old and exhausted mine. Her flattery was not, as the world employs it, an exaggerated estimate of existing qualities, but a grand poetic and creative power, that actually begot the great sublime it praised. Whatever your walk, rank, or condition in life, she instantly laid hold of it to entrap you. No matter what your size, stature, or symmetry, she could costume you in a minute! Her praises, like an elastic web livery, fitted all her slaves; and slaves were they of the most abject slavery, who were led by the dictation of her crafty intelligence! A word about poor Martha, and we have done; nor, indeed, is there any need we should say more than that she was universally known as ‘Poor Martha’ by all their acquaintance. Oh! what patience, submission, and long-suffering it takes before the world will confer its degree of Martyr—before they will condescend to visit, even with so cheap a thing as compassion, the life of an enduring self-devotion. Martha had had but one idol all her life—her brother; and although, when he married late in years, she had almost died broken-hearted at the shock, she clung to him and his fortunes, unable to separate from one, to whose habits she had been ministering for above thirty years. It was said that originally she was a person of good common faculties, and a reasonably fair knowledge of the world; but to see her at the time of which we now speak, not a vestige remained of either—not a stone marked where the edifice once stood. Nor can this be matter of wonderment. Who could have passed years amid all the phantasmagoria of that unreal existence, and either not gone clean mad, or made a weak compromise with sanity, by accepting everything as real. Poor Martha had exactly these two alternatives—either to ‘believe the crabs, mutton,’ or be eternally shut out from all hope. Who can tell the long and terrible struggle such a mind must have endured?—what little bursts of honest energy repelled by fear and timidity?—what good intentions baffled by natural humility, and the affection she bore her brother? It may have, nay, it did, cost her much, to believe this strange creed of her sister-in-law; but she ended by

doing so. So implicit was her faith, that, like a true devotee, she would not trust the evidence of her own senses, if opposed by the articles of her belief. The very pictures, at whose purchase she had been present, and whose restoration and relackering had been the work of her own hands, she was willing to aver had been the gifts of royal and princely personages. The books for which she had herself written to the publishers, she would swear were all tributes offered by the respective writers to the throne of taste and erudition. Every object with whose humble birth and origin she was familiar, was associated in her mind with some curious history, which, got off by rote, she repeated with full credulity. Like the well-known athlete, who lifted a bull because he had accustomed himself to the feat since the animal had been a calf, rising from small beginnings, she had so educated her faculties, that now nothing was above her powers. Not all the straits and contrivances by which this motley display was got up—not all the previous schemings and plottings—not all the discussions as to what King or Kaiser this should be attributed—by what artist that was painted—who carved this cup—who enamelled that vase—could shake the firmness of her faith when the matter was once decided. She might oppose the Bill in every stage; she might cavil at it in Committee, and divide on every clause; but when it once became law, she revered it as a statute of the land. All her own doubts faded away on the instant; all her former suggestions vanished at once; a new light seemed to break on her mind, and she appeared to see with the eyes of truth and discernment. We have been led away beyond our intention in this sketch, and have no space to devote to that temple wherein the mysteries were celebrated. Enough if we say that it was small and ill arranged, its discomfort increased by the incongruous collection of rare and curious objects by which it was filled. Stuffed lions stood in the hall; mock men in armour guarded the entrance to the library; vast glass cases of mineralogical wealth, botanical specimens, stuffed birds, impaled butterflies, Indian weapons, Etrurian cups, Irish antiquities, Chinese curiosities, covered the walls on every side. Not a specimen amongst them that could not trace its presentation to some illustrious donor. Miniatures of dear, dear friends were everywhere; and what a catholic friendship was that which included every one, from Lord Byron to Chalmers, and took in the whole range of morals, from Mrs. Opie to Fanny Elssler. Indeed, although the fair Zoe was a 'rigid virtue,' her love of genius, her 'mind-worship,' as she called it, often led her into strange intimacies with that intellectual class whose strength lies in pirouettes, and whose gifts are short petticoats. In a word, whatever was 'notorious' was her natural prey: a great painter, a great radical, a great baso, a great traveller; any one to lionise, anything to hang a history upon; to enlist, even 'for one night only,' in that absurd comedy which was performed at her house, and to display among her acquaintances as another in that long catalogue of those who came to lay the tribute of their genius at her feet.

Candour compels us to add, that the expeditious resorted to by this brave and tasteful Mrs. Ricketts in her resolution to provide for herself out-Falcon even the stratagems of Mrs. Falcon, of never-to-be-forgotten memory.—She becomes a positive Old Woman of the Sea, at the very sight of whom we feel a prophetic shudder,—as if the terrible polypus-like limbs were already round the victim's neck, and the obdurate burden fastened upon his back, never to drop off!—Mr. Lever has described her *con amore*; and if her transactions be caricatured, they are so progressive and self-consistent as to strike terror and conviction into our hearts like so many real assaults and enormities.

Another character extremely well drawn, and also true to Continental life, is that of Jekyl, the calculating man of pleasure on small means. But Jekyl, we take leave to believe, was too much a man of pleasure to have been used or trusted by such an Archimage of duplicity as D'Esmonde. Prince Midchikoff, again, the Russian, is a spirited specimen of the Mus-

covite magnate,—rescued we hardly know by what qualities or with what touches of novelcraft from becoming utterly abominable. But we have dwelt with sufficient minuteness on the characters of 'The Daltons':—and to show that Mr. Lever has not lost his skill in narration, we will further treat the reader to an episodic description, which is an anecdote told at a supper in Florence,—and told by a priest, of far different species from the Abbé D'Esmonde.—

"The road is infested with Banditti," growled out the Padre.—'Banditti!' said Norwood, contemptuously. But whether the sneer was intended for the cut-throat's courage, or the folly of men who would expect any booty from a Priest, is hard to say; clearly the Padre took it in the latter sense, for he rejoined, 'Even so, Mi-lord. When I was Curé of Bergamo they stopped me one night on the Lecco road. A Bishop was on a visit with me, and I had gone up to Milan to procure some fish for our Friday's dinner. Oime! what a turbot it was, and how deliciously it looked at the bottom of the calasino, with the lobsters keeping guard at either side of it, and a small basket of Genoa oysters—those rock beauties that melt in the mouth like a ripe strawberry! There they were, and I had fallen asleep, and was dreaming pleasantly. I thought I saw St. Cecilia dressing "filets de sole aux fines herbes," and that she was asking me for sweet marjoram, when suddenly I felt a sharp stick as it were in my side, and, starting up, I felt the point—the very point, of a thin stiletto between my ribs. "Scusi, Padre mio," said a whining voice; and a great black-bearded rascal touched his cap to me with one hand, while with the other he held the dagger close to my side, a comrade all the time covering me with a blunderbuss on the opposite side of the cart. "Scusi, Padre mio, but we want your purse!"—"Maladetto sin—"—"Don't curse," said he, beggily; "don't curse, Padre, we shall only have to spend more money in masses; but be quick, out with the "Quattrini."—"I have nothing but the Church fund for the poor," said I, angrily.—"We are the poor, Holy Father," whined the rogue.—"I mean the poor who hate to do evil," said I.—"It grieves us to the soul when we are driven to it!" sighed the scoundrel; and he gave me a gentle touch with the point of the stiletto. Dark as it was, I could see the wretch grin as I screamed out. "Be quick," growled out the other, roughly, as he brought the wide mouth of the trombone close to my face. There was no help for it. I had to give up my little leather pouch with all my quarter's gatherings. Many a warning did I give the villains of the ill-luck that followed sacrilege—how palsies, and blindness, and lameness came upon the limbs of those who robbed the Church. They went on counting the coins without so much as minding me! At last, when they had fairly divided the booty, the first fellow said, "One favour more, Holy Father, before we part."—"Would you take my coat or my casso?" said I, indignantly.—"Heaven forbid it," said he, piously; "we want only your blessing, Padre mio!"—"My blessing on thieves and robbers!"—"Who need it more, Holy Father?" said he with another stick of the point; "who need it more?"—"I screamed aloud, and the wretches this time laughed outright at my misery; meanwhile they both uncovered and knelt down in the road before me. Oime! oime! There was no help for it. I had to descend from the calasino!"—"And did you bless them, Father?" asked Jekyl.—"That did I! for when I tried in the middle of the benediction to slip in a muttering of "Confundite ipsos qui querunt animam meam," the whining rogue popped out his accursed weapon, and cried, "Take care, Holy Father, we only bargain for the blessing!"—"They left you the fish, however?" said Norwood.—"Not an oyster," sighed the Priest.—"You would not have us eat flesh on the fast, Padre mio!" said the hypocritical knave. "Poor fellows like us have no dispensation, nor the money to buy it!" And so they pecked up everything, and then, helping me to my seat, wished me a pleasant journey, and departed.—"I am curious to know if you really forgave them, Padre?" said Jekyl, with an air of serious inquiry.—"Have I not said so!" rejoined the Priest, testily.—"Why, you tried to insinuate something that surely was not a blessing, Father."—"And if I did, the fellow detected it. Ah, that rogue must

have served mass once on a time, or his ears had never been so sharp."

Since we will have nothing to do with the final scenes of the play, our notes in recommendation of 'The Daltons' may here close.—Mr. Lever dates the Preface to his completed tale from Italy. Does it never occur to him, or to any other of the myriad sojourners in that enchanted land, that the popular humours of Italian life might be made to figure as brightly and successfully in a novel as the old combinations of gambling, intrigue, and scandal among the English abroad which are in preference perpetually resorted to?—Even passing tourists, with quick eyes, ready sympathies, and some knowledge of the language, cannot fail to gather traits and peculiarities well worth the grouping and depicting. Yet, year after year professional authors, whose experience must be enriched by the familiarities of residence, and who ought to covet rather than eschew novelty, go over the same ground, and over again repeat the same figures,—just as if the quays of the Arno and the Riva at Venice had no population, with its features to be painted, its manners to be hit off and its lively repartees to be written down!

History of Physical Astronomy from the Earliest Ages to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. By Robert Grant. Baldwin & Co.

MAN—placed upon the earth, a mere point in space—has in no one effort of his mind shown the penetrating power of his reason more fully than in the knowledge which he has been able to establish for himself of the mechanical principles regulating the movements of the celestial bodies.—The alternations of day and night and the changes of the seasons could not be observed without leading reflecting minds to a consideration of the phenomena on which these variations depended; and the earliest hypothesis planted the earth in the centre of the universe,—with the sun, the planets, and the stars moving in such harmony around her as suggested to the poetic dreams of the young philosophy a music of the spheres, too finely touched to be heard by the ear of man until he should have thrown off his covering of the flesh and put on his immortality. Such was the doctrine taught by Hipparchus and Ptolemy:—the Pythagoreans, however, teaching the annual motion of the earth. At length, Copernicus, reflecting on the various theories of the Arabians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, selected those which most readily explained the natural phenomena, and rejected those which appeared to be but contrivances of the human imagination. As Mr. Grant clearly states,—

"According to Copernicus, then, the sun is placed immovable in the centre of the universe, and all the planets, including the earth, revolve round him in the order of the signs in concentric orbits. Mercury and Venus revolving within the earth's orbit, and all the other planets without it. While the earth is traversing her annual orbit, she is also constantly revolving from west to east round a fixed axis passing through the celestial poles, accomplishing a complete revolution every twenty-four hours. Copernicus explained the motion of the moon by supposing her to revolve in a monthly orbit round the earth, while at the same time she accompanied her in her annual motion round the sun. He also very ingeniously accounted for the precession of the equinoxes by attributing to the earth's axis a slow conical motion in a direction opposite to the apparent motion of the stars. This great man has given to the world a full exposition of his principles in his famous work, '*De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*.' It is said that he received the first copy of this work, upon the contents of which he had meditated thirty-six years, only a few hours before his death."

Tycho Brahe by his accurate observations

on the planets led the way for the illustrious Kepler,—whose famous laws of the planetary motions are known to every astronomical reader. It is easy to conceive the rapture of delight with which he penned in his 'Harmonics' the following words, when he had discovered one of his great laws.—

"What I proposed twenty-two years ago, as soon as I discovered the five solids among the heavenly orbits,—what I firmly believed long before I had seen Ptolemy's harmonics,—what I had promised my friends in the title of this book, which I named before I was sure of my discovery,—what sixteen years ago I urged as a thing to be sought,—that for which I joined Tycho Brabé, for which I settled in Prague, for which I have devoted the best part of my life to astronomical contemplations,—at length I have brought to light, and have recognized its truth beyond my most sanguine expectations. It is now eighteen months since I got the first glimpse of light, three months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled sun, most admirable to gaze on, burst out upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast, the book is written; to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which:—it may wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an interpreter of his works."

Galileo Galilei, with a genius as exalted as that of Kepler, and possessing some advantages over him, followed as a labourer in the great work; and surprised the learned—while he alarmed the superstitious—by the multitude and splendour of his discoveries. Napier at the same time came to the aid of astronomy,—and by reducing the work of many months to a labour of a few days, he—as Laplace said, when referring to the invention of logarithms—"doubled the life of the astronomer, and spared him the errors and the disgust inseparable from long calculations."—The researches of these great men and the labours of others advanced man's knowledge of the universe gradually; till at length arose Newton, the most illustrious of men,—in reference to whose discoveries Halley inserted a Latin Poem in the first edition of the 'Principia,' concluding with the line—

Nec fas est propterea mortali attingere divos.

"This is a eulogium," says the severe Delamatre, "which no one has charged with exaggeration."—Mr. Grant has devoted a large portion of his work to "a detailed account of the establishment of the theory of gravitation by Newton, and its development by his successors." In this he has fully explained the steps by which this universal law was proved, and shown how every successive advance in astronomical science is derived by a strict system of induction and deduction from Newton's great discovery.

The crowning triumph was, the predication of an unseen planet to which the disturbances of the most remote member of the known solar system were referred. Of this the first announcement appeared in our columns for the 3rd of October, 1846,—in the words of Sir John Herschel. After announcing, as one of the results of that year, the discovery of the planet Astrea, he says:—"It has given us the prospect of the discovery of another. We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain. Its movements have been felt, trembling along the far reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty hardly inferior to that of ocular demonstration."

We now know our earth to move as one of a family of twenty-three planets, circulating around the sun as a centre, and chained to that orb and to each other by the universal force of gravitation. And this immense system of worlds

is itself impelled onward amidst the stars of heaven, in obedience to this law, as a unit in space, around some central sun which may be so remote from us, that even its light, travelling at the rate of 200,000 miles in every second of time, has not yet reached this orb,—or it may be that its luminous beams are extinguished in passing the great immensity:—a distance which we can guess, when we remember that we can see the myriads of stars in the milky way, although their beams travel many millions of miles to reach the human eye,—and that even the nebulae send us their light, though "those, in all likelihood, may be external creations, bordering upon the known one, too remote for even our telescopes to reach."

Such are a few of the grand discoveries made by man in the science of Astronomy, of which Mr. Grant has recorded the entire progress. Seldom have we been called on to review a book more complete than this. The amount of research displayed is evidence of the most unwearied industry. The work will stand as one of the great records of human progress,—for most satisfactorily is every phase of man's advance in the knowledge of "the stars in their courses" therein recorded.—The following passages, describing the discovery of Jupiter's satellites, will satisfactorily exhibit Mr. Grant's lucidity of style.—

"When Galileo first turned his telescope to the planets, he was delighted to perceive that they exhibited a round appearance like the sun or moon. Jupiter presented a disc of considerable magnitude, but in no other respect was he distinguishable from the rest of the superior planets. Having, however, examined him with a new telescope of superior power on the 7th of January, 1610, his attention was soon drawn to three small but very bright stars that appeared in his vicinity, two on the east side and one on the west side of him. He imagined them to be three fixed stars, and still there was something in their appearance which excited his admiration. They were all disposed in a right line parallel to the plane of the ecliptic, and were brighter than other stars of the same magnitude. This did not, however, induce him to alter his opinion that they were fixed stars, and therefore he paid no attention to their distances from each other, or from the planet. Happening by mere accident to examine Jupiter again on the 8th of January, he was surprised to find that the stars were now arranged quite differently from what they were when he first saw them. They were all now on the west side of the planet, and were nearer to each other than they had been on the previous evening; they were also disposed at equal distances from each other. The strange fact of the mutual approach of the stars did not yet strike his attention, but it excited his astonishment that Jupiter should be seen to the east of them all, when only the preceding night he had been seen to the west of two of them. He was induced on this account to suspect that the motion of the planet might be direct contrary to the calculations of astronomers, and that he had got in advance of the stars by means of his proper motion. He therefore waited for the following night with great anxiety, but his hopes were disappointed, for the heavens were on all sides enveloped in clouds. On the 10th he saw only two stars, and they were both on the east side of Jupiter. He suspected that the third might be concealed behind the disc of the planet. They appeared as before in the same right line with him, and lay in the direction of the zodiac. Unable to account for such changes by the motion of the planet, and being at the same time fully assured that he always observed the same stars, his doubts now resolved themselves into admiration, and he found that the apparent motions should be referred to the stars themselves and not to the planet. He therefore deemed it an object of paramount importance to watch them with increased attention. On the 11th he again saw only two stars, and they were also both on the east side of Jupiter. The more eastern one appeared nearly twice as large as the other, although on the previous evening he had found them almost equal. This fact, when considered

in connection with the constant change of the relative positions of the stars and the total disappearance of one of them, left no doubt on his mind of their real character. He therefore came to the conclusion, that there are in the heavens three stars revolving round Jupiter in the same manner as Venus and Mercury revolve round the Sun. On the 12th he saw three stars; two on the east side of Jupiter and one on the west side. The third began to appear about three o'clock in the morning, emerging from the eastern limb of the planet; it was then exceedingly small, and was discernible only with great difficulty. On the 13th he finally saw four stars. Three of them were on the west side of the planet, and the remaining one on the east side. They were all arranged in a line parallel to the ecliptic, with the exception of the central star of the three western ones, which declined a little towards the north. They appeared of the same magnitude, and though small, were very brilliant, shining with a much greater lustre than fixed stars of the same magnitude. The future observations of Galileo established beyond all doubt that Jupiter was attended by four satellites. He continued to examine them until the latter end of March, noting their configurations, and recording the stars which appeared in the same field of view with them."

We need not quote further from a book which will so certainly make its own strong and direct appeal to our readers as Mr. Grant's 'History of Physical Astronomy.'

The Life of General Washington. Written by Himself. Edited by the Rev. C. W. Upham. 2 vols. Office of the National Illustrated Library.

Mr. Upham has attempted to compile, rather than to write, a life of Washington, on a new plan,—"namely, that of making the subject of the memoir, as far as possible, his own biographer;" and he has to a great extent succeeded. There are no new facts or theories in these volumes,—and only a few new letters of interest or importance; yet the compilation will be found very useful, and for some purposes better adapted to the taste of general readers than a biography of greater pretensions. Washington wrote almost as well as he governed. His manner was a little hard,—and he was addicted to a few solecisms of expression, which at this time of day have an air of singularity, but which eighty years ago were no doubt sanctioned by great authorities.

It is quite superfluous to attempt any general dissertation on Washington's character and place in history. The book before us calls for nothing more than the favourable testimony due to a work which is at once judicious and useful. Presented, however, as we are by Mr. Upham with so many of the choicest compositions which Washington has bequeathed to his country, some of our readers will perhaps thank us for extracting two pieces famous in their day, and deserving of lasting remembrance.—The first is, the Letter to the Emperor of Germany relating to Lafayette,—the second, the non-intervention passage of the Farewell Address.

The letter to the Emperor is exceedingly characteristic, and in every sense worthy of the occasion,—that occasion being almost the first direct inter-communication between the most powerful ruler of the new and the most venerable sovereignty of the old hemispheres. It is as follows.—

"To the Emperor of Germany.

"Philadelphia, May 15, 1796.

"It will readily occur to your Majesty, that occasions may sometimes exist, on which official considerations would constrain the chief of a nation to be silent and passive, in relation even to objects which affect his sensibility, and claim his interposition as a man. Finding myself precisely in this situation at present, I take the liberty of writing this private letter to your Majesty, being persuaded that

my motives will also be my apology for it.—In common with the people of this country, I retain a strong and cordial sense of the services rendered to them by the Marquis de Lafayette; and my friendship for him has been constant and sincere. It is natural, therefore, that I should sympathize with him and his family in their misfortunes, and endeavour to mitigate the calamities which they experience; among which, his present confinement is not the least distressing.—I forbear to enlarge on this delicate subject. Permit me only to submit to your Majesty's consideration, whether his long imprisonment, and the confiscation of his estates, and the indigence and dispersion of his family, and the painful anxieties incident to all these circumstances, do not form an assemblage of sufferings, which recommend him to the mediation of humanity? Allow me, sir, on this occasion to be its organ; and to entreat, that he may be permitted to come to this country, on such conditions and under such restrictions, as your Majesty may think it expedient to prescribe. As it is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant, your Majesty will do me justice to believe, that this request appears to me to correspond with those great principles of magnanimity and wisdom, which form the basis of sound policy and durable glory. May the Almighty and Merciful Sovereign of the universe keep your Majesty under his protection and guidance."

The non-intervention passage is as follows,—and has an interest now, both for its prophecies fulfilled, and in view of the new principle which is inoculating the national mind of America.—

"The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.—Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in perpetual controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.—Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel. Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humour, or caprice? It is our own true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronising infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them. Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies. Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules

of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favours from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favours from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

At the present moment, we have said, these admonitions of the great American lawgiver have more than common significance; and they may be read and studied with advantage by nations separated by a wide ocean from the community to which they were addressed.

On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity. Part II. Pickering.

THE second part of this able and candid portraiture of the moral condition of the human race after the promulgation of the new religion and its general acceptance in the Roman world sustains the favourable impression produced by the former volume. If there be any change, it is for the better. Something more of breadth and clearness in the view taken, a little more boldness in presenting what may be thought the unfavourable side of the recent converts, are perhaps discernible here and there,—and the effect of the picture is improved by this more natural grouping of the lights and shadows.

The writer makes no claim for a miraculous action of the new doctrines on the conduct and opinions of men. In his hands Christianity assumes the form of a new philosophy,—and he examines the effects said to have been produced by it with an almost judicial calmness. He neither worships nor abuses its alleged saints and martyrs. He has a good-natured laugh at the ancient anchorites who imagined that the sure way to perdition was through the wash-tub; but he has also a satisfactory historical explanation of the strange social phenomena offered to the world by the anchorites of Thebais. As examples of these perversions of order and national instincts we are reminded that—

"Ammon, one of the earliest of the Egyptian monks, is said never to have seen his body uncovered, and having once to pass a river, and dreading lest in doing so he should be compelled to a piece of involuntary cleanliness, prayed to God that he might not be reduced to that extremity: whereupon an angel was sent to carry him over!—Didymus, another monk, lived ninety years, and during that time is said never to have spoken to any human creature.—Macarius is reported to have said to a person who visited him, and who being weary and thirsty requested a draught of water, 'Be content with the shade; for many travel by land and sea who have not that'—and to have added, 'for twenty years I have never taken my fill of either bread, water, or sleep; for I ate by weight and drank by measure, and slept few hours; for it was my custom to lean against a wall, and so take a nap.'"

From the anchorite system to monkery the transition is easy and natural. Monasteries and nunneries were rapidly established in the East, and the monks became not only a spiritual but a material power in the country. In the middle of the fourth century they were strong enough to afford shelter to Athanasius when he fled from the wrath of Constantius. When Valens insisted on carrying out his plan for recruiting the Imperial armies with the young and able-bodied members of those fraternities, he was obliged to send his legions against them to enforce the execution of his mandate. It is

not, however, to be supposed that the ecclesiastical body was improved in morality by these voluntary abnegations of the world. As our author observes,—

"The austerities which were now beginning to be thought a part of Christian duty soon produced the reaction which generally follows any unnatural course of life, as we may gather from a decree of Valentinianus, dated A.D. 370, and published in all the churches in Rome, denouncing the malpractices of ecclesiastics, and 'those who call themselves continent,' forbidding them, on pain of capital punishment, to enter the houses of widows or unmarried women, or to receive money from them under pretext of religion. The falling off from the purity of christian life must have been great to make so severe a law necessary. The conduct of Damasus, bishop of Rome, also seems to have brought scandal on the christian name by its violence, no less than by the luxury he indulged in. Both he and one Ursinus had been candidates for that bishopric, and so unseemly a conflict had arisen when the election was to be made, that the partisans of the rival candidates came to blows, and an hundred and thirty-seven bodies were left dead in the church besides wounded. Damasus prevailed. 'I do not deny,' says the heathen historian who records the fact, 'that, considering the luxury of the city, the prize was worth contending for, since the successful candidate was certain that he should be enriched by the donations of matrons; that he should be conveyed through the streets in a carriage, clothed in elegant vestments; and finally, sit down to a feast surpassing in splendour those of the emperor himself: 'and he contrasts this unbecoming luxury with the simple habits of the provincial bishops in terms which are justified by the above-mentioned decree of the christian emperor.'"

Such were the clergy. Now, let us borrow from the sketches of Ammianus a picture of the degraded character of the Roman senators at the same period,—these last being as yet chiefly adherents of the ancient polytheistic religion.—

"Things had grown to such a point," observes he, 'that all the lustrations of Epimenides would have been insufficient to purify the city, so corrupt is it. To begin with the nobility; I will give a glance at the people afterwards. They have a puerile delight in assuming sounding names.... appear in silken robes.... followed by cohorts of slaves, as if they were leading an army.... They enter the baths, attended by at least fifty of their servants, call about them with a menacing air.... Their houses are filled with babbling flatterers, who admire and praise everything they see,—the columns of the lofty *façade*, the costly marbles which encrust the walls.... In their feasts they have scales ready to weigh the fish and game if it be of extraordinary size.... and the unheard-of weight is commented on and admired.... while the notaries in attendance take note of it.... Detesting learning like poison, they read only Juvenal and Marcus Maximus.... their profound idleness avoids all other books.—why they choose these it is not for my small judgment to decide.... Let a slave be late in bringing warm water, he is sentenced at once to 300 lashes; but if he have slain a man, and a complaint of the crime is preferred to the master, he exclaims 'Has he indeed?... well, if he does so any more he shall be corrected.'.... If they resolve to visit their farms, if they attend a hunting match in which all the toil is borne by others, or if they make a voyage along shore to Puteoli or Caieta, especially if it should be a cloudy day, they consider themselves equal to Alexander or Cæsar; but if a fly should find its way through any fissure in the silken and gilded fans, or if a single ray should enter through an opening in the awning, they lament their fate. When such a one leaves the bath, after wiping himself with the finest of linen, he diligently selects from the store of clothing which is carried with him, and which would suffice for a dozen people, the most splendid dress, and.... taking from his servant the rings which he had taken off, lest they should be injured by the damp, puts them on and departs.'—He notices their passion for gambling,—their ridiculous pride, and adds, 'Even those who altogether deny the existence of the powers above, neither go out, nor dine, nor wash, before they have

carefully consulted the ephemeris to see when Mercury is favourable, or in what part of the heavens Cancer appears."

Such pictures of men and manners, too often overlooked by the more formal historian, help to explain the defeats and sufferings of the Italian cities from Gothic and Vandal conquerors. When Genseric told his pilots to steer for the lands which God had cursed, he gave expression to an idea of profound value and political significance. The difference of moral character between the hardy barbarians and the effeminate children of a civilization which had run to seed was well and forcibly drawn by Salvianus, a priest of Marseilles, who wrote in the middle of the fifth century. Contrasting them with his own countrymen, he asks, with elegant sarcasm,—

"Where is their circus,—their theatre, the school of every kind of impurity for the destruction of souls? ... On the festivals of the church the public games are celebrated, and I ask any one where the greater number of Christian men will be found,—in the amphitheatre or the House of God? ... Nay, if any one should attend in the latter, and there hear that the public games are about to begin, he will instantly depart. ... But you will say this is not so in all the Roman towns. I grant it. I grant that it is not so now, even though it were so formerly. It is not the case in Mentz, but this is because it is utterly destroyed:—it is not so in Cologne, for it is full of the enemy: it is not so in the great city of Treves, but that is because it has been four times taken and sacked: it is not so in many towns of Gaul and Spain from a like cause, but poverty has only taken away the power, not the wish. ... Have the people who were intemperate in prosperity amended their lives when adversity came upon them? Has the habit of drunkenness which prevailed during the season of peace and abundance been broken off by the hostile invasion? Italy reeks with slaughter,—have the Italians quitted their vices? ... Gaul is inundated with barbarians, Spain has been overrun by the Vandals, but the manners of the natives have undergone no change. ... But why should I speak of other countries when I can tell what I have seen in my own? I myself saw in Treves men of noble birth and high rank.... of venerable and even decrepit age, while the destruction of the city was imminent.... forgetful of their honour, their age, their Christian profession, their name, oppressed with gluttony, lying drunk, or filling the hall with clamour.... only leaving their drunken revel when the enemy was already within the walls. * * Could they wonder at the ruin which followed?.... I have spoken of the chief cities, how was it in the lesser ones throughout Gaul? Were they not all so sunk in their wickedness that they ceased even to provide against the danger?.... Thus, the barbarians scarcely appeared before they yielded to them.... for 'a sleep from the Lord was upon them'.... and their calamities have by no means ceased.... for those who were not slain by the enemy have been involved in long misery:—some have died in the weary torture of severe wounds, some of famine, some of nakedness, some of disease.... and the destruction of one city has afflicted many more: for everywhere, as I have myself seen, the bodies of the slain of both sexes are lying naked, torn by the dogs and the birds, and the fetor of the dead forms the plague of the living: death generating death.... and in the midst of all this destruction and misery you seek the theatre and demand of your rulers that the public games shall be celebrated. In Treves they are called for; but where are they to be held?—On the ashes of the houses, over the bones of the dead?—What part of the city is free from these signs of ruin,—where is the earth not saturated with blood?—What spot is free from unburied bodies and mangled limbs?—The city is black with fire:—the bodies of the people are lying in heaps upon the graves of their progenitors,—and you ask for the games of the Circus!"

Can we wonder that the shepherds and hunters of the North conquered and supplanted their degenerate rivals? Our author does not fail to present these terrible pictures of the state

of morals in a Christian community lest the truth should alarm the weak in faith. He sees that Gaul may have been only nominally Christian, as it is now only nominally Republican:—and in this fact lies his sufficient explanation of the phenomena presented.

Michaud's History of the Crusades. Translated from the French, by W. Robson. Vol. I. Routledge.

M. Michaud's 'History of the Crusades' is well known to scholars. It is a work of research, artistically constructed out of materials drawn from many sources, some of them original,—and remarkable for the feudal and oriental atmosphere in which it was conceived and written. The Crusades have been favourite themes with many authors. The most notable of modern accounts are—Wilken's 'Geschichte der Kreuzzüge,' Voltaire's 'Histoire des Croisades,' Mills' 'History of the Crusades,' and the work now before us. But English readers have generally preferred to read the story of these famous wars in the pages of Gibbon,—some of whose most splendid chapters are devoted to them. Had Gibbon treated the subject with more detail, subsequent writers would have had little chance of superseding or even supplementing his narrative; for not only was his reading in the original authorities wide and comprehensive, but his style has the luminous and oriental character so well suited to a story full of striking movements like that of the Crusades. But these great wars were with him but one part of a scheme whose leading topics included the fall of Rome, the rise of Christianity, the migration of races, the conquests of Islam, and the settlement of Europe. Gibbon was therefore constrained to leave much untold that was worth the telling,—and M. Michaud undertook and executed the task of supplying the deficiency with zeal, energy and ability.

In speaking of Michaud and Gibbon in the same breath, we are not placing their works in the same category. Gibbon belongs to that select order of historians who have written for all time and all nations—an order to which few writers of recent years, with the exception perhaps of Guizot and Savigné, can claim to belong. M. Michaud falls into another rank; a rank of great writers, no doubt,—but below the highest. In this class he holds a respectable place,—and of the probabilities of his continuing to hold it the three translated volumes of which we have now to acknowledge the first will allow the English reader to judge for himself.

From a work that must be known to many of our readers it is not necessary to give extracts:—we will, therefore, reserve our space for a few biographical particulars.—

Joseph François Michaud, born at Albens, in Savoy, on the 19th of June, in the year 1767, was descended from a family that traced its nobility beyond the tenth century. One of his ancestors, Hugh Michaud de Corcelles, was deservedly distinguished by the emperor Charles V."

The father of our historian was forced in early life to fly the country. As Mr. Robson tells us,—

"whilst on a shooting party, he sought refreshment in a cottage, and found the mistress of it in the greatest distress; for, at the moment of his entrance, officers were bearing away her humble furniture, for the paltry sum of sixty francs. He offered to pay the amount if they would come with him to his home; but they refused, and continued their operations in his presence. This irritated him to such a degree, that he threatened to make use of his gun; and, at length, struck one of them so severe a blow with the stock of it, that the fellow died immediately. He retired to a place near Bourg, in Bresse, where he married; and he afterwards established himself as a notary and commissary at Terrier,

in that province. An early death left his widow burdened with a numerous family, of which Joseph was the eldest. Notwithstanding this calamity, he received an excellent education at the college of Bourg, and acquired great credit as a rhetorician and a composer of French verses. His studies and some juvenile travels completed, it became necessary for him to fix upon a mode of getting a living; and the narrowness of his mother's resources confining his efforts to trade, he went into the house of a bookseller at Lyon, attracted, no doubt, by the affinity between the bookseller and the man of letters. He remained here till 1790, when the passage of the rich, influential and intellectual Countess Fanny de Beauharnais through that city, aroused all the provincial muses to make their offerings to the great lady. Among the poets, Michaud was so successful, that he thought himself warranted in following her to Paris, with the view of pursuing a literary career under her auspices."

Thus launched on the ocean of literary life, Michaud published his poems, and soon became connected with one of the journals. His opinions were Royalist; and during the reign of Bonaparte he was subject to frequent arrests, questionings, and imprisonments. On one of these occasions, the future historian of the Crusades had an extremely narrow escape. We confess, however, that the story requires a very powerful digestion to swallow it exactly as it is here cooked.—

"He had been sent prisoner to Paris, walking between two mounted gendarmes who were directed not to spare him, and if fatigue relaxed his speed, they were to refresh him with the flat sides of their sabres. As he entered Paris in this forlorn condition, he was met by his zealous friend Giguet, whose sorrow only set his fertile brain to work to devise means for his escape. As Michaud was, during many days, conducted from his prison to the Tuileries, to undergo examination, Giguet at first thought that the best way would be to blow out the brains of the two gendarmes that escorted him; but this he rejected as unworthy of a man of genius. Choosing a point in Michaud's passage that would answer his purpose, he stopped the party, and affecting to know nothing of the matter, and not to have seen his friend since his arrival in Paris, was eager in his inquiries as to how his health was, what he was doing, where he was going, and insisted upon his breakfasting with him. 'No, no,' answered Michaud, 'I have a little affair yonder, at the Tuileries, just a few words of explanation to give—only the business of a minute or two. Begin breakfast without me, I shall be back presently.'—'That won't do; that won't do; they do not despatch people so quickly as all that. Perhaps they won't begin with you; let us have our breakfast first. I dare say these gentlemen (pointing to the gendarmes) have not breakfasted, and will have no objection to a cutlet and a glass of Bourdeaux wine! and here's the best house in Paris, close at hand.' The gendarmes, after a little faint hesitation, suffered themselves to be seduced; and prisoner, guards, and friends were soon comfortably seated at table. They eat, they drink, they pass bumper toasts, and talk a little about everything; but most particularly about Bresse and the good cheer that was there always to be met with—but the pullets of Bresse! never was such eating as the pullets of Bresse! The mouths of the gendarmes watered at the bare description of them. 'Parbleu, gentlemen,' cried Giguet, 'since you have never partaken of our country pullets, I will undertake to convince you that there are none such in the eighty-three departments. We have plenty of time; you can eat a little bit more, and appetite comes with drinking (and he filled the glasses). Waiter, here! a Bresse pullet! no tricks, mind; it must be from Bresse—not from Mans. But stop; Michaud, you understand these things better than anybody; have an eye to these fellows: go down into the kitchen, and see that they don't cheat us. Good health to you, gentlemen.' Whilst they are drinking, Michaud rises, and is soon out of the house. Giguet had the art to keep the guards another half-hour at table, by saying his friend was only watching the cooking, for a Bresse pullet was worth nothing if not roasted à la Bresse; and when they discovered Michaud was not in the kitchen, he asserted it must either be a joke,

or else he was ill, and gone home; and contrived to lead them a long useless search in a way directly opposite to that which he knew the late prisoner had taken. Michaud's escape was a happy one; for that very day, the council had condemned him to death. Poor Giguet's friendly zeal cost him nearly a month's imprisonment, and placed his life even in jeopardy."

Michaud survived until 1839. He was engaged at times on various works,—contributed many articles to the *Biographie Universelle*,—and had a sort of drawing-room reputation for *vers de société*. Some of his *bons mots* are pointed;—that to Fontaines, the agent sent by Bonaparte to induce him to submit and enter the Imperial service, has obtained general celebrity.—"There must be an end to resistance," said Fontaines; "look at Delille,—he has just accepted a pension of six thousand francs."—"Oh! as to that," returned Michaud, "he is so frightened that he would no doubt take a hundred thousand francs, if you would offer them to him." Michaud died in ripe age, and full of honours—literary and other. He was an ex-Deputy, a Member of the Academy and of the Institute, a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, and a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. His poem 'Le Printemps d'un Proscrit' had a great success in his lifetime; he takes a place in political history as the editor and proprietor of the *Quotidienne*;—but his best title to the remembrance of posterity lies in his 'Histoire des Croisades.'

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The School for Fathers: an Old English Story. By T. Gwynne.—Mr. Gwynne gives us another tale—and not the worst which has been told—in disparagement of Town as opposed to Country. A fine, untutored, hearty boy, with a Herculean frame and a hearty appetite, was brought up by an old English gentleman, his uncle, to think that life contains duties no graver and pleasures no sweeter than those belonging to a "pink"—a pair of buckskins—"a southerly wind and a cloudy sky"—a jolly dinner when the chase was over—and a rosebud looking over the parson's gate in the shape of the parson's pretty daughter. When Jack grew to man's estate he was claimed by his father—a precious type of the "Father upon Town" of old comedy—a being all patches and pounce-box, and red-heeled shoes, who cherished his hands in a muff and his shapely legs in curiously clocked hose, sipped scandal over his chocolate, held every fine woman to be the lawful prize of every *Macaroni's* vanity, and considered all homely tastes, sincere affections, and generous sentiments as so much obsolete nonsense unbecoming a complete gentleman. Such a Father, though easily conjured up by any one decently read in Congreve and the Spectator, we nevertheless apprehend had never a real existence as type of a class.—Seized on by this demon of gentility and false breeding, poor Jack was compelled up to London, in spite of himself,—and there handed over to a dancing master, a fencing master, a French master, a tailor who made torturing coats, a wig-maker who crowned the youthful and truthful English head with the falsehood of a periwig. He was desired to begin the sport of lady-killing—to distinguish himself as a man of gallantry; if by honest love-making, well and good—if by its reverse, none the worse. The wicked and perverting father, too, made no secret of his wickedness, threw no cloak over evil calling it good, but openly professed worldliness as his creed and Fashion as his idol, and laughed complacently at his belief in his divinity. Jack obeyed,—stout in those exaggerated notions of filial submission by which the sons of England are invited to obey no matter what provided the church register and the old family Bible invest it with paternal authority. To this obedience the country-bred youth fell a martyr:—being shot in a duel.—There is force in many of the scenes of this sad but factitious story; and Mr. Gwynne is well acquainted with the catch-words and *costume* of his period. But the tale is not agreeable to us, simply for the reason above hinted—because it is untrue,

—as untrue as the "son of the soil" who figured in the comedies of Reynolds and O'Keeffe and Colman, producing from beneath his scarlet waistcoat manly sentiments, and antipathies to everything French, the like of which never grew in any real shire or hundred of England. Our objection to all class-novels is not lessened by the fact of the classes being *Laputan* or *Brobdnagian*—or, in short, utterly and perversely unreal.

Deeds of Naval Daring; or, Anecdotes of the British Navy. By Edward Giffard, Esq.—This new volume of Murray's 'Reading for the Rail' is one of the most stirring miscellanies that we ever looked into. Apart from all that concerns love of country or belief in English valour and sense of duty, it would be difficult to match the contents of these pages taken as a mere series of exciting incidents, the style of which is as manly as the matter is remarkable. Further, the form of the book eminently fits it for its purpose. There are not a few readers to whom continuous reading on a railroad is impossible; but who may nevertheless find pride and pleasure—and food for thought, too—in this capture, or the other boat attack, so succinctly set forth as they are by Mr. Giffard,—and *matched* rather than *perused* betwixt station and station.

A Story with a Vengeance. By A. B. Reach and Shirley Brooks.—The idea of this little book is new and amusing. Eight travellers from London to Exeter by the evening train find themselves thrown together in a compartment of a first-class carriage,—and for amusement they agree to tell a story. This is an ancient sort of machinery,—but the novelty here consists in this:—that the same story is told by the whole party,—a president being named who stops the immediate narrator at any point of crisis which he pleases, and appoints some other person to unravel it or carry out the action. Very whimsical situations are the result,—and a good deal of amusement is scattered over the pages. The execution is not equal to the original idea:—but trifles will serve to while away an idle hour agreeably.

The Battles of the Bible. By a Clergyman's Daughter.—At first sight 'The Battles of the Bible' seems an odd theme for "a clergyman's daughter" to select for illustration; but the misgiving vanishes on opening the volume. It is a mere child's book about that "naughty king" and the other "brave captain." In short, it is a little story-book in which the romance of the Hebrew Wars is adapted to the intelligence of school girls—and, so far as it goes, well adapted.

Ye History of ye Priory and ye Gate of St. John. By B. Foster.—Mr. Foster has contrived to make a book out of very slight materials. Two or three pages would have sufficed to hold all that he knows of real interest about 'Ye Priory and ye Gate'; but the illustrations are pretty,—and the volume may take its place among the new books on old London.

Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power: a Chapter of American History.—This pamphlet, which comes to us from Boston, is a spirited exposition of the present state of the slavery question in America. It treats of the nature of what is called "the slave power"—of its means of action—of its position before the Mexican war—of the effects produced on the relation of parties by that event—and of its attitude at this present moment. The whole statement is made in the anti-slavery sense,—and will be found interesting by all who sympathize with the Negro population of "The States."

The Literature of the Faust Legend to the end of 1850—[Die Literatur der Faust Sage, &c.] By Franz Peter.—A word of friendly notice is due to this compilation, which gives an exact bibliographical list of the various authors who have treated of the story of 'Faust,'—of the editions of the 'People's Books' in which it first became current,—of the later modifications of it by playwrights, poets, and dramatists,—and of the comments thereon in all languages down to our own times. The details are full and precise, and judicious notes are added where necessary; so that the whole literature of this remarkable fable may be seen, as it were in outline, by those who desire a thorough acquaintance with its origin and

development. Labours of this kind make but little show, but they require diligence and honest research,—and are precious to careful inquirers. On behalf of these, Herr Peter may well be thanked for his unpretending little volume.

Inaugural Discourse at the Opening of the Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts. By Sir Henry De la Beche.—On the Importance of cultivating Habits of Observation,—being the introductory lecture to the course on mechanical science of 1851-1852. By Robert Hunt.—On the National Importance of Studying Abstract Science with a View to the Healthy Progress of Industry,—being an introductory lecture to the course on chemistry, by Lyon Playfair.—*The Relation of Natural History to Geology and the Arts*, by Edward Forbes.—These reports of four discourses delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street form the commencement of a series of lectures which were contemplated more than a dozen years ago. Various circumstances—particularly the want of a lecture-room adapted to the purpose—prevented their delivery until last year, when the institution got into good working order. Of the discourses themselves it is not necessary to say much. Each, in its department, is general and introductory—and therefore well adapted for popular reading.

Letters to my Young-Men Friends. By E. P. Rowell.—Mr. Rowell complains that there are already too many letters to young men—yet he adds to the number several more, all of them as little likely to be read by the class to which they are formally addressed as the most mediocre of those which have gone before. His excuse is, that he too is young—and consequently discourses to men of his own age. But if age be a disqualification for teaching—as he asserts,—we are not convinced by his example that youth and inexperience are of themselves sufficient for it.

The Pope in the Nineteenth Century. By Joseph Mazzini.—Very remarkable for its eloquence, its apt historical illustrations, its simplicity and vigour,—this production will perhaps appear still more remarkable to most readers for the evidence which it affords that the Roman Triumvir of 1849 was in his political and religious views the same person as the obscure writer who twenty years ago first gave signs of the genius which has since made him so conspicuous an actor in the revolutionary drama. M. Mazzini's anti-papal policy is often ascribed to his long residence in a Protestant country; his present work—part of which is the reprint of a preface affixed in 1832 to an Italian translation of M. Didier's 'Three Principles'—proves that his conviction of the decay of the Papacy as a power in Italy and in Europe dates from an early period of his manhood. So far, it is an answer to many misconceptions. Every reader should peruse this subtle and vigorous pamphlet.

Among the reprints, translations, and improved editions lying on our table, we find a second edition of *The Roman*, by Mr. Sydney Yendys,—"reprinted without alteration" from the former text, because, as the writer fancifully holds, "to beautify the work of that day by passing some of its members through the mind of this were to borrow the expedient of that ambitious artisan who recast the limbs of Cupid in the mould of Psyche,"—a third edition of Mr. Charles Forster's *Life of Bishop Jebb*,—a second edition of Mr. Grierson's *Autumn Rambles among the Scottish Mountains*,—a translation from the German of Weber's well-known *Outlines of Universal History*, ably executed by Dr. Behr, of Winchester College,—the eighth volume of Mr. Davidson's translation of Schlosser's voluminous work, *The History of the Eighteenth Century*,—and the eleventh volume of Messrs. Colburn & Co.'s reprint of *Thiers's History of the Consulate and Empire of France under Napoleon*.—Mr. Bentley has added Mr. Warwick's *Notes on Noes* to his series of 'Shilling Books for the Rail and Steam-Boat,'—and Messrs. Orr & Co. have issued the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie's *Ten Years in Australia*, with a quantity of new matter bringing down the information to a late period, in their series entitled 'Readings in Popular Literature.'—Mr. M. A. Stodart's *National Ballads, Patriotic and Protestant*, have appeared in a new edition:—*Ithaca* is

1849, by G. F. Bowen, has reached a second edition. — A third edition of *Ireland Sixty Years ago* and *George Robert Fitzgerald: his Life and Times*, constitute issues of a new series of cheap reprints under the title of 'Readings in Popular Literature' from the Dublin press of Mr. M'Glashan. — Mr. Pickering has added to his 'Christian Classics' Bishop Hall's *Occasional Meditations* and *The Breathing of the Devout Soul*. — *An Account of New Plymouth; or, Guide to the Garden of New Zealand*, by Charles Hursthouse, has arrived at the honours of a third edition. — *Sophisms of Free Trade*, enlarged from a pamphlet to a volume, re-appears in an eighth edition. — Mr. James B. Brown has brought out a new edition of his *Views of Canada and the Colonists*, with considerable new matter. — We have likewise before us second and enlarged editions of Edwin Lees's *Botanical Looker-Out among the Wild Flowers of England and Wales* and Hopkins's *Connection of Geology with Terrestrial Magnetism*. The American publisher of Mr. Minifie's *Text-Book of Geometrical Drawing* has sent us a copy of a third edition; — and we have from Edinburgh a reprint of Dr. Thomas Smyth's *Unity of the Human Races proved to be the Doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Béanger's *Lyrical Poems*, by Anderson, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bible Prayers, by a Lady. 12mo. 2s. cl.
Bible's Rev. W. J. Doane and Duties, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Burgess (T. H. M.D.) On the Climate of Italy, post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Carmina non Prius Audita, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. swd.
Champer's (W. W.) Drops from the Deep Well, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Cox's (J. A.) Pen Sketches, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Coopers (Miss) New Guide to Knitting and Crochet, sq. 1s. cl.
Cox's (Miss) Calculus, 12mo. 1s. cl. swd. (Walc.)
Cunningham's (Dr.) Apocryphal Books, new edit. 2s. cl.
Cunningham's (Dr.) Communicant's Manual, new edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.
Days Five Years' Residence in West India, 3 vols. post 8vo. 20s. cl.
Doyle (J. B.) On Cod Liver Oil, 2s. 6d. cl.
Dumpey's (G. D.) Works on Bridges, 5th edit. 31s. 6d.
Dewar's (Dr.) The Believer's Charter, 12mo. 4s. cl.
Edwards's (Rev. T. W.) Latin Delecta, 11th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Fleet's Italian Grammar, 12mo. 1s. (Walc.)
Encyclopedia Metropolitana, Vol. 21, 'Phillips's Manual of Metal-
lurgy,' post 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Flower Painting, in 12 Lessons, imp. 8vo. 21s. cl.
Hamilton's (Sir W. J.) Discussions on Philosophy, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the British Poets, 3 vols. 21s. cl.
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EMENDATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT.

My attention has been drawn to a letter, signed J. F. K., which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 27th of last month, and contained some remarks very much to the purpose on the Shakspearian papers of the late Mr. Sidney Walker. These papers have been confided to me to prepare them for publication: — Mr. Moultrie, of Rugby, most unfortunately for the readers of Shakspeare, being so much engaged by the concerns of his populous and important parish as not to have leisure for the task that has therefore devolved on me. Your correspondent's account of these papers (in spite of his hasty examination of them) is correct in all respects but one. They cannot be readily arranged for the press. Many of the pages contain additional remarks written between the lines of previous writing; many additional remarks have been inserted out of their proper order, while the references to the pages which they are intended to follow have been often left blank, — and you may imagine that it is no easy matter to collect and arrange these stray sheep in a work that fills three thousand pages of note paper and contains several quotations in almost every page. Mr. Walker's remarks are very concise; but the cautious character of his criticism has caused him to be profuse in quotations to support his opinions, — and his quotations, notwithstanding their great number, are all so much to the purpose, that it would be difficult to weed them without altering the character of the work. He has collected a number of curious and

important observations on the peculiarities of the first folio, to which he seems to have devoted great attention, — and has founded on this basis many ingenious emendations: — on the other hand, he has defended its readings where they have been unjustly assailed. Indeed, on this point, as on all others, it is difficult to say whether his sagacity or his impartiality preponderates.

I beg leave to quote one of Mr. Walker's emendations. In 'All's Well that ends Well,' act v. sc. 3, we now read —

Her insult, coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate.

Mr. Walker, after pointing out the awkwardness of this, and observing that the word *insult* occurs nowhere else, proves by a number of quotations that *coming* is constantly confounded in old copies with *cunning*, — and proposes the following reading. (I should, however, have stated, that the first folio spells *insult* *insuite*, and uses the long *f*, which is scarcely to be distinguished from *f*.) —

Her infinite cunning with her modern grace
Subdued me to her rate.

— "By dint of a vast deal of cunning and a moderate share of common-place beauty she succeeded in bringing me to her terms."

With these papers in my possession, I need not say that I perused with additional interest the letters from Mr. Collier that have recently appeared in the *Athenæum*. I do not, however, remember that any of the passages brought forward by him have been noticed by Mr. Walker, except that from 'The Merchant of Venice,' act iii. sc. 2, — a passage which he has ranked with many others in which the proper word has been supplanted by another which stands near it in the context, or closely resembles one that does. Thus, in the passage in question, —

The beautifuls scarce,
Vailing an Indian beauty,

beauties is the wrong word, and has been derived from *beautious* in the line above. — Mr. Walker observes — "possibly gipsy." As to what goes just before ("the guiled sea to a most dangerous shore"), he quotes a passage from the 'Lucrece' ("Tarquin beguiled with outward honesty"), — but adds, "still, I suspect guiled."

I am aware that what I have written can give your readers no adequate notion of the extreme importance of these papers, — but it would be impossible to do so in the narrow compass of a letter. In my opinion they are calculated to effect that revolution in the present state of Shakspearian criticism which probably may be assisted by the manuscript readings in Mr. Collier's copy of the second folio.

Will you allow me to take this opportunity of inquiring which is the *real* reading of the second folio in the last quoted passage, — is it *guiled* or *guiled shore*? A copy which I have borrowed reads *guiled*; and Capell in his *various readings* to 'The Merchant of Venice' ascribes *guiled* only to the quartos and the first folio. On the other hand, Steevens says that *guiled* is the reading of all the old copies; while Mr. Collier, in his letter on the subject, gives the same reading, — and Mr. Halliwell maintains that "the mere alteration of *guiled shore* to *guiling shore*" proves the manuscript emendations to be founded on conjecture only. Now, if Mr. Collier's copy reads *guiled*, the different copies of the second folio vary among themselves; if it reads *guiled*, not merely Mr. Halliwell's argument falls to the ground, but we have an additional reason for referring the new readings to some manuscript authority, — for most assuredly nobody would find any difficulty in *guiled*, and conjecture *guiling* in its place. — Yours, &c.

W. NANSON LETTSON.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The French Academy of Sciences and M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

Paris.

A sitting of the *Académie des Sciences* is a very different thing from a sitting at the *Académie Française*. Unpatronized by fashion, comparatively unenlivened by the presence of ladies, offering no dramatic interest — no political excitement

— no *mise en scène*, — it is altogether a very sober affair. The importance of the subjects treated, and the high claims of many of its members on the gratitude and reverence of the public, amply compensate, however, for this; and there are few of its annual meetings which do not record that during the preceding twelvemonth some important addition has been made to the stock of human knowledge, or that the veil which hides the great secret of the universe has been drawn a little further aside. I have no intention of giving a complete account of the proceedings on the last occasion, — and will merely glance over them. The usual number of prizes for scientific and medical discoveries were distributed: — that for Astronomy (founded by Lalande) being divided between M. de Gasparis, of Naples, for his new planet *Eunomia*, and Mr. Hind, for his planet *Irene*. Since then, the papers mention, as you know, the discovery of another planet by M. de Gasparis, making, — if I mistake not, — the fifth on his list of discovered worlds! In fact, one hears of new planets in the present day as frequently as new islands in the Pacific used to be heard of in the last century. The Cuvier prize was awarded to M. Agassiz for his labours on the subject of fossil fishes. M. C. Dupin then read a notice on the display of French Industry at the General Exhibition; but as many persons have interpreted his expressions on this and previous occasions as conveying the idea that the claims of French exhibitors had been inadequately and reluctantly acknowledged, the less I say on the subject perhaps the better — in the interest of international cordiality and good-fellowship. Lastly, M. Arago laid before the Academy a letter from M. Coulmann, of Hanover, respecting the application of steam power to navigation as early as 1695. The letter states, that the celebrated French engineer Papin, being at Cassel in the year 1707, resolved to put his theory of steam navigation into practice, and to make an experimental steam-boat, — that it was actually launched, but that owing to the spite or awkwardness of the boatmen employed, it went to pieces, to the great disappointment of Leibnitz, who had been much interested in the trial. M. Arago thought it fair to add, that it appeared evident to him that the idea of using steam as a propelling power for vessels had occurred to Prince Rupert some years previously to the unsuccessful experiment made by M. Papin.

Having thus hurried through the scientific part of the business of the day, I come to the real object of my letter — the interesting biography of the celebrated naturalist, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, which was read to the Academy by its secretary, M. Flourens. I would wish, taking M. Flourens as my guide, to relate its most striking features, and to claim place in the columns of the *Athenæum* for a few words on the labours of a life exclusively devoted to the interests of science. The habit, so universal in French academies, of pronouncing an eulogium on deceased members appears at first sight likely to produce fulsome and unmeaning panegyrics, — and so it does sometimes: — still, there seems to be something good and grateful in the custom. Few men become members of these bodies without having had some interesting passages in their intellectual life which are worth recalling to the minds of that portion of the public that will read the *éloge* as reported in the morning papers, but would scarcely seek out the history of a *savant's* life in a scientific biography. Many men, too, notwithstanding their meritorious labours, never reap the advantages of living reputation, — still fewer acquire deathless fame; — it seems but fair, then, that once more, before being consigned to comparative oblivion by that world which thoughtlessly adds to its intellectual stores the result of their whole life of study, their account against the public should be solemnly laid before it. "*Gaudet compositi cineres sua nomina dici*," said an old poet of Gaul fifteen hundred years ago, — and his countrymen still seem to hold the same opinion. Without sharing completely the half-Pagan feeling of Ausonius, I cannot help thinking that there would be something unfeeling in handing over the fame of a colleague at once to cold unfeeling print, — and that these *éloges historiques*, as they are termed, are a natural transition between the partial apprecia-

tions of contemporaries and the tardy justice of posterity.

The interest of Geoffroy St. Hilaire's biography consisted chiefly in his scientific career, and the principal interest of that in his early friendship and collaboration, and in subsequent discussions, with the celebrated Cuvier. The difference of opinion on certain fundamental questions which produced such ardent contests between the two friends, I shall strive to explain in a few words in their proper place:—for the works to which they gave rise, and the observations on which the two opponents based their different theories, are among the most important in the history of science. But I must begin with the beginning.

In 1792, Étienne Geoffroy St. Hilaire was a young man of twenty, and had no theories of his own. He had been educated in Paris, at the college of Cardinal Lemoine;—which at that time reckoned among its professors Thomond, of Latin Grammar celebrity, and Hatty, the mineralogist, who may be termed the founder of the then new science of crystallography. Thomond loved botany almost as well as Latin, and Hatty loved Thomond quite as well as mineralogy: the two would often take long rambles together, and, pleased with the youthful admiration of Geoffroy, would frequently admit him into their company. In their society he first imbibed a taste for the natural sciences, and under the direction of Hatty acquired considerable knowledge in mineralogy. Daubenton was at the time professor of mineralogy at the Collège de France; and having one day to interrogate Geoffroy on the subject of crystals, he was so struck with his replies, that he exclaimed,—"Young man, you know more than I do!"—"I am but the echo of M. Hatty," the pupil modestly answered; and to this ready and grateful homage to his master Geoffroy probably first owed the interest which Daubenton took in his subsequent career. Another circumstance served to ripen this interest into a sincere affection. The political storm which was raging throughout France fell heavily on the professors of the Collège of Cardinal Lemoine, who were all ecclesiastics. The early teachers of Geoffroy were dispersed, and many of them thrown into prison,—among the rest Hatty. On learning his incarceration, Geoffroy flew to Daubenton, and in turn to each member of the *Académie des Sciences*, earnestly urging them to claim their colleague. Thanks to the intervention of the learned body, an order for the liberation of Hatty was obtained, and with it Geoffroy hastened to the prison. There he found Hatty very busy with his minerals, which he had managed to get conveyed to him. The collection had been somewhat roughly handled, and thrown into confusion, during the domiciliary visit which had preceded his arrest, and the good Abbé was striving to restore that order of which he alone had the secret. He would not hear of removing from the prison before the next morning. On no account, he said, would he have his minerals transported at night; "and besides," he added, "I must hear mass to-morrow before I leave this." When we consider that this took place in 1792, a few days before the prison-massacres of September, we must allow that few anecdotes exemplify better the all-absorbing nature of the love of science, and that peculiar child-like simplicity which seems to enter more or less into the composition of every *savant*. But although Hatty delayed to take advantage of his liberator's efforts, he never forgot that to them he owed his life; and he recommended his young friend so earnestly to Daubenton, that when in 1798 the Convention, by a decree, extended the course of studies at the Jardin des Plantes to all branches of natural history, and more than trebled the number of Professors, a chair of Zoology was given to Geoffroy, who was then barely one-and-twenty. In 1794 he opened the first course of lectures on Zoology that ever took place in France; and to his efforts must be mainly attributed the establishment of the Ménagerie which Bernardin de St. Pierre had so long advocated in vain. It was about this time that Geoffroy first became acquainted with Cuvier. Cuvier's talents had been remarked while he was yet living in obscurity in Normandy by M. Tessier—a well-known agriculturist, and a member of the

Academy of Sciences,—who advised the young man to go to Paris, and introduced him by letter to his friends as "the best discovery he had ever made." The perusal of some essays by Cuvier, which were joined as vouchers to these letters of recommendation, so delighted Geoffroy, that he immediately wrote to Cuvier urging him to come at once. "Come," he wrote, "and play the part of a new Linnaeus, another legislator of natural history." One could scarcely be more felicitously prophetic in writing of Cuvier. From the day of Cuvier's arrival everything became in common between the two friends. Geoffroy's apartments and collections were thrown open to Cuvier, and no fear of rivalry appears to have clouded their intercourse. Many years later, after a long life of labour, and when the difference of their views had converted the former collaborators into adversaries, both would often revert with pleasure to those early days "when they never breakfasted without having made some discovery." In 1798 Geoffroy left France with the fleet which carried Bonaparte to Egypt,—scarcely knowing whither he was bound, and aware only that Bonaparte was to be his general and Berthollet and Monge his companions in the expedition. But that was enough. That he made good use of the valuable opportunities of observation offered by the campaign was sufficiently proved by the collections which he brought back:—for he returned loaded with mummies, and skeletons of ibis, crocodiles, and ichneumons 3,000 years old. In all the specimens, of however ancient date, the same characters which distinguish the species in the present day are invariably found,—and it is curious enough that he should thus have been one of the first to establish the fact of the invariability of each species which he was destined one day to put in doubt. A circumstance showed the importance which he himself attached to his labours. One of the articles of the capitulation of Alexandria stipulated that all the scientific collections made by the French should be given up to an English agent before their departure. Indignant at the idea that the fruit of their labours would be lost to their country, Geoffroy proposed to his colleagues to destroy all their collections rather than yield them up;—and this extreme measure was on the eve of being executed when the point was given up by the English. I am not sure that I admire this trait, or that it indicates a genuine disinterested love of science. It strikes me that, after all, the agent of the English Government, whoever he was, who yielded the point, was the real "King Solomon's mother" in the affair, and showed the greater respect for science. French biographers always tell this story with great admiration, however,—and I dare say most Englishmen would have done as much in the good old days of international hatred.

Once more we find Geoffroy St. Hilaire playing a public part in 1810. He was sent by the Emperor into Portugal with the view of adding to the scientific treasures of France; and he accomplished his mission with a forbearance and honesty very rarely displayed towards a country under military occupation:—in a word, he effected exchanges or purchases where most of his contemporaries would have performed seizures. At the Restoration of the Bourbons, Geoffroy retired completely from public life. Thenceforward his museum and his books were his exclusive occupations, and to the day of his death, in 1844, he devoted himself entirely to his favourite studies:—far different in this from Cuvier, who played a political part of one kind or another under each succeeding régime.

I cannot attempt to give any worthy account of Geoffroy St. Hilaire's labours within the limits of this sketch; but I must say a few words of those works in which he exposed the system with which his name must remain connected. It was in 1807 that in a Memoir, which won for him his seat in the Academy of Sciences, he first laid the foundation of what he himself termed philosophical anatomy. He then for the first time broached—not doubtfully, indeed, but within certain limits—his theory of the "unity of composition" in animals. The aim of naturalists had been up to that time to classify and divide. Geoffroy's system was, to subject all the animal kingdom to one universal law. Where others sought for differences, he

looked for analogies, and found them. Indeed, it may be said that his anatomical researches were but a search after analogies. In cases where differences were most obvious, the examination of the embryo animal would often present resemblances which were effaced in the fully developed or the adult subject,—and the merit and originality of Geoffroy's first labours consisted, perhaps, chiefly in this novel application of anatomical science. From that time Geoffroy had but one object in his studies,—to bring out and make evident "the constant conformity," the universal plan, "the hidden resemblance" which in the animal kingdom, to use the language of Buffon, is more wonderful than any "apparent differences." He used to call himself "the man of a single book"—(*Homo unius libri* said St. Augustine);—and he devoted all his energies to the elucidation of his theory "l'unité de composition." As usual in such cases, his theory was not absolute in its beginnings, and in consequence did not at its first appearance meet with that opposition which it ultimately excited. It was only in 1818 that in his grand work entitled "Théories des Analogies" or "Philosophie Anatomique" he completely unveiled his views; and even then the vertebrate animals alone were subjected by him to the law of unity which he had laid down.—In 1820 he sought to apply the same rule to the Articulata. The opposition, headed by Cuvier, could not stand this, and showed marks of impatience; and when in 1830 Geoffroy extended his system to Mollusks, the storm burst. The glory of Cuvier's life had been, his classification of the animal kingdom; and the order that he had introduced seemed threatened with total subversion by this new system of one plan and a single type. No wonder, then, that the combat between Geoffroy and himself was long and severe:—no wonder, too,—considering that the conviction of each was the result of a whole life of study,—that neither of them was converted by the arguments of his adversary. In truth, the quarrel, which at first sight may appear confined to the comparatively narrow ground of zoology, embraced a far wider field; it was the never-ending discussion which has divided the world since the days of Aristotle,—the everlasting debate between the philosophy of general ideas and the philosophy of particular facts. The learned in all countries took part with one or the other of the disputants; and so great was the excitement, that old Goethe himself considered the contest as one of the greatest events of the eventful year 1830. It is said, that happening to meet a friend during the July of that year, he accosted him with these words:—"Have you heard the news from Paris?—what do you think of the great event! The volcano is in flames."—"It is a terrible affair," rejoined his friend, "and things have come to that pass that we may expect to see the royal family expelled."—"Pooh, pooh!" replied Goethe, "I am not thinking of thrones and dynasties or any of your political revolutions. I mean the sitting of the *Académie des Sciences*—that's the real event—the true revolution—the revolution of the human mind."—"I may be excused, you see, for dwelling rather lengthily on a theme which could thus absorb the attention of Goethe himself."

During the half century that Geoffroy occupied his chair at the Museum he developed his theories before an admiring crowd of pupils, who listened as to an oracle. He was himself an enthusiastic believer in the ever-extending realms of science;—he saw no bounds to the future glories of human knowledge, and reaped the reward of all enthusiasts,—he produced believing disciples. That his lively imagination and predilection for certain general ideas often led him in the latter years of his life to confound observation with conjecture—the real with the ideal—there can be no doubt; but even rejecting—as many will—his subsequently adopted and, after all, accessory views on the mutability of different species, the filiation of present with other extinct species, and the still more doubtful filiation of all created beings throughout all ages and throughout every species, which would amount to representing all animals as one and the same being in successive stages of development—even rejecting much or all of this, there would

still remain in the fundamental laws of Geoffroy St. Hilaire's system enough to entitle him to the respect of posterity.

Personally, I may add, that his labours have been sufficiently important to authorize me to offer no excuse for having claimed for him so large a space in your columns.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE war of the Book Trades has made no substantial progress since we reported last week:—the several combatants still resting on their arms to await the result of that mediation which then induced us, as it does still, to withhold any opinions of our own. The terms of the reference, our readers will see, are such as to make that forbearance on our part expedient, if not incumbent. They are as follows:—"That a conference be invited between Lord Campbell, in conjunction with a few of our principal authors, and certain members of the bookselling trade, for the purpose of deciding whether the Booksellers' Association shall be carried on under its present regulations or not,—it being understood that the decision of Lord Campbell and the other literary gentlemen shall be binding on the committee, who agree, if the decision be adverse, to convene the trade and resign their functions."—Certain parties to the conference met, as we announced they would, on Wednesday last; and made a statement before Lord Campbell, Mr. Grote and Dr. Milman (the only three of the arbitrators named who were able to attend) of the arguments on which they found, and justify, their scheme of association and protection. The members, however, of what calls itself the free trade party, who, on Lord Campbell's suggestion, had been invited to be present, refused their attendance,—some on the ground that the spirit of invitation had not been duly carried out, because they had been summoned only at the last moment, and not, as they conceived, in sufficient force to meet the party opposed,—others (Messrs. Bickers & Bush) on the declared ground that the question is one on which "compromise is impossible." Lord Campbell, therefore, with the caution which his legal training suggests, very properly refused to adjudicate without hearing what both parties have to say:—and as his engagements will not permit him to meet the disputants again before Whitantide, the matter stands for the interval exactly where we left it in our columns last week.—We would suggest to the "free traders," that if they feel their position to be strong they take an ungracious, and not very wise, attitude in keeping aloof from a conference appointed to consider it, and provided over by names of such high character;—and we recommend them, when Lord Campbell is again at leisure to take up the case, to give him and his coadjutors the benefit of their assistance towards arriving at a satisfactory decision respecting it.

We are requested to give insertion to the following.—"In an interesting article on 'Shelley and the Letters of Poets' in the last No. of the *Westminster Review* the writer mentions that "the letters of Poets published by Milnes have some doubts thrown on them by the discovery of recent forgeries." There is really no foundation for any "doubt" on the subject. All the letters there published were received from the persons to whom they were addressed or from known friends of the poet who had copied them from the originals. The larger portion I obtained through Mr. Reynolds and through the family of George Keats in America. Archdeacon Baily, now resident in Ceylon, wrote to protest against the early and romantic grave to which I had inadvertently consigned him, and has authenticated those addressed to him. I purchased some of the letters sold at Sotheby's, and a poem of considerable length. These would probably have appeared in print but for the fortunate discovery of the forgeries:—as it is, they will remain a monument of criminal ingenuity.—I remain, &c.

"R. MONCKTON MILNES."

"Upper Brook Street, April 12."

The first number of a new serial work by M. Lamartine, called 'The Civilizer,' has been sent to us from Paris. Our readers are aware that,

after the fall of the Provisional Government in 1848, its chief commenced a paper entitled *Le Conseiller du Peuple*—which has had a good success; but politics being now forbidden in France—at least such politics as the republican poet could write,—he has replaced the "Councillor" by the "Civilizer"—in which he intends to write the history of humanity in the lives of its great men from Moses to Napoleon. The work is addressed to the multitude of readers,—and, like all that M. Lamartine writes, the first part is copious and eloquent.

Among the forthcoming literary novelties there are several of sufficient interest to warrant a separate reference in our columns of gossip. In the lighter department of literature we understand that Mr. Jerrold has a social story in preparation,—that Mr. Thackeray's new novel is expected in four or five weeks,—and that Mr. Savage has a tale in the orthodox three volume form in Messrs. Chapman & Hall's press.—'The Melvilles,' a new novel by the author of 'John Drayton,' is advertised by Mr. Bentley.—Mr. Duffus Hardy, Keeper of the Records, is engaged in preparing the Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Lord Langdale for the press of the same publisher,—who also announces a new work by Mr. Robert Bell, to be entitled 'The Town Life of the Restoration,' 'A Summer in the Levant,' by Mr. Crowe, and translations of Lamartine's 'Civilizer,' Guizot's 'Cornellie and his Times,' and 'Shakespeare and his Times,' and of Housaye's 'Philosophers and Actresses.'—Mr. Murray announces a 'Journal of a Winter's Tour in India,' by Capt. Egerton, and Mr. Fortune's 'Second Journey to the Tea Countries of China.'—We understand that Messrs. Taylor & Co. of Gower Street have in the press three volumes of Niebuhr's 'Lectures on Ancient History,' translated from the German, with additions and corrections by Dr. Schmitz.—Mr. Parker has in the press two volumes by Mr. Cornwall Lewis 'On the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics.'—In the Messrs. Longman's list of forthcoming works we notice Lieut. Osborn's 'Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal,' Mr. Laing's 'Notes on Denmark and Sleswig-Holstein,' 'African Wanderings,' by Mr. Ferdinand Werne, and Dr. Busen's 'Hippolytus and his Age.'—We understand that a new edition of Mr. Macaulay's 'History of England' is about to appear, and that the remaining copies of former issues have been called in from the booksellers.

Our readers will like to be told that the contemporary corrections of Shakespeare's Plays contained in Mr. Collier's folio copy are to be printed forthwith, and will form a volume of the publication of the Shakespeare Society for the present year.

The daily papers have announced the death of Mr. Alfred Dolman,—who is supposed to have been treacherously murdered, on his return from the Great Lake, in the interior of South Africa, by the natives or by one of his black servants. His remains were found after some days' search, with those of his English servant, and buried at the station of the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Kolobeng.—The death of Mr. Frank Forster, the eminent civil engineer, is also, we regret to see, announced.

The death of M. Rochoux, author of 'A Treatise on Apoplexy,' and of other medical works of repute, is announced in the Paris journals.

A new and strange report from the northern latitudes has come to perplex yet further the popular mind on the subject of Sir John Franklin and his comrades. This report,—which has all the character of non-authenticity—is to the effect that a Mr. Coward, captain of the merchant brig *Renovation*, when sailing for Canada in April last year, saw off the coast of Newfoundland what seemed to him two ships or barques—he is not certain which, on account of the distance and of the damage previously sustained by the vessels, if they were vessels,—imbedded in an iceberg.—The story, such as it is, has been made public in Mr. Coward's absence and without his knowledge. He is at present at sea,—and the published letters are not very clear as to either what he saw, or what he afterwards declared that he had seen. No importance is to be attached to the tale in its present shape as an elucidation of the fate of our Arctic voyagers.

Nevertheless, it is creditable to the Lords of the Admiralty that they have followed even this slight clue to its ultimate windings with so much zeal and promptitude.

The proclamations, ballads, and broadsides recently presented by Mr. Halliwell to the Chetham Library form thirty-one large folio volumes, or three thousand, one hundred separate articles. They have been already used; and their value is much enhanced out of Manchester by a printed Catalogue, restricted, however, (improperly enough) to one hundred copies.

The members of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland have been doing themselves credit by the presentation of a testimonial—in the form of a silver tea-service, with coffee-pot, silver salver and cake-basket—to their able and indefatigable secretary, Dr. Daniel Wilson, author of the 'Pre-historic Annals of Scotland,' and a valued occasional correspondent and contributor of our own,—for a long series of services to Scottish archaeology generally, and to the Society in particular. Among the services of the latter kind which were enumerated on the occasion, were—Dr. Wilson's skilful and scientific arrangement of the Society's museum,—and his active share in those measures which resulted in obtaining from the Government rooms for the museum, thus setting free the revenue of the Society for the increase of its specimens. In referring to Dr. Wilson's claims on the lovers of Scottish antiquities in general, the Vice-Chairman of the Society, the Rev. Dr. W. Stevenson, who presided, spoke of him as having "withdrawn these antiquities from Edie Ochiltree's charge, and brought them within the range of true science."—Dr. Wilson in his reply made some sensible remarks in reference to the same subject,—which we transfer as coming in aid of arguments that we have ourselves more than once urged of late. He said:—"He must confess, that he frequently sympathized with the ridicule cast on antiquarian pursuits. He had often smiled at the mode of pursuing archaeological research in many of the English Societies; and he did wonder that intelligent and educated men should be content, day after day and year after year, to dig up little bits of Roman pottery, and wax eloquent and show an enthusiasm about them which to the real student of antiquities must appear ridiculous. He thought their former Vice-President, Sir Walter Scott, did good service even to the cause of archaeology when he turned the public ridicule on such a pursuit of archaeology as that. If they desired information about Rome, they had its literature to go to; and if they desired to know something of its archaeology, they would find more information on the subject in a single villa of Pompeii or Herculaneum than was to be found in all the Roman sites in Great Britain. They might as well persist in burning a rushlight during the day, and in shutting out the sun, as pursue the study of Roman archaeology in the remains to be found in this country of its occupation by the Romans. He trusted that before many years were past, Scotland would take a prominent place, if not a lead, in carrying out archaeology as a pure science, and as an element of history previous to the period of written annals; and when they considered that the beginning of the history of this country, so far as writing was concerned, dated only from so very recent a period as the twelfth, or, at the earliest, the eleventh century, they might be content, even as Scotchmen, to devote all the energy they possessed to a science which promised to carry back history to at least the Christian era, and one which he thought was capable of carrying it still further back."

The journals of yesterday announce the resignation of his chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh by Prof. Wilson. The cause assigned by the veteran poet and critic is, ill health.

We are informed that the Post-Office authorities do not deem it expedient to adopt Mr. Lake's suggestion, referred to in a recent number, for allowing manufacturers to transmit patterns at a reduced rate through the Post-Office.

We hear that a committee is in progress of being formed in London to co-operate with the Dublin Committee for erecting a memorial to the poet Moore. The Marquis of Lansdowne and his son

Lord Shelburne, Moore's old pupil, in conjunction with Mr. Murray and Mr. Longman, have taken the initiative of this movement in honour of the dead.—From an Advertisement which appears in our columns to-day, it will be seen that the subscription towards the memorial has opened promisingly; and we learn from the Irish papers that the committee express their belief that such a sum of money "will be collected as will raise a testimonial to the memory of the national poet worthy of the country and the man."

The Americans are becoming a race of book-buyers. Every purchaser of old books—the literature of the period between Gower and Milton—has found by experience how much the demand which has sprung up within these dozen years across the Atlantic for such works has tended to enhance their value in this country. Every few days, too, we hear of some famous library, museum, or historical collection being swept off to the "New World." This week supplies two notable examples:—the Prince of Canino's valuable museum of natural history, his library, and his gallery of Art have all been purchased by a private American gentleman, and the library of Neander has been bought by the Senate of Rochester University in the State of New York. Neander's books constitute one of the best collections on theology in Germany.

At the last meeting of the French Geographical Society, the annual prizes were awarded in favour of those who in the judgment of the Society have made the most important discoveries in the past year. An unusual number of English names appear on the lists. Messrs. Livingston, Osell, Rebmann and Krapf were selected for their interesting discoveries in Africa.—M. Wallin was chosen for his in Arabia, and these travellers each received the silver medal. Honourable mention was made of the names of Messrs. Thompson, Cunningham, Hooker and Strachey for their voyages in Hindustan,—of Messrs. Brunner and Stokes, for the additions made by them to our knowledge of the geography of New Zealand,—and of Mr. Squier, the American traveller, for his archaeological discoveries, particularly in the State of Nicaragua.

A curious mistake fell from our pen in writing our Gossip of last week,—which, however, almost corrects itself, even if our own previous columns had not furnished the means of correction,—but to which, nevertheless, we think it well to refer for the purpose of obviating all possible misapprehension. In returning, with further particulars, to the subject of Marshal Marmont's Memoirs—which we had announced as in preparation—we inadvertently substituted the name of Marshal Mortier. Few of our readers need be told that Marshal Mortier, Duke of Trévise, fell, by the side of King Louis Philippe, from the discharge of Fieschi's "infernal machine,"—or that Marshal Marmont had that share in the surrender of Paris to the Allies his own expected account of whose details gives so much interest to the forthcoming "Memoirs."

The power which now rules in France continues to wage war against the intellect of the country. Every day affords some evidence of the resolution which appears to have been taken to extirpate science and to silence all the voices of literature. By a single stroke of the Dictator's pen three of the most eminent professors of the College of France—MM. Michelet, Quinet and Mickiewicz—were dismissed from their offices on Monday last.

The reports of the new colleges in Ireland continue to present the evidences of a degree of harmony, usefulness, and prosperity beyond the hopes of even sanguine advocates of education. The system did not at first present itself to the Irish mind with any false attractions; on the contrary, it was introduced in such a way that the small objections to it were apparent to all, while the blessings which it promised seemed distant and doubtful to all except an enlightened few. Hence it began modestly. Its progress was slow,—and is still not so rapid as to cause any fears for its permanence. But the history of its growth is interesting and encouraging to all who feel, as we do, that education is the trust of all reforms. Take the Belfast College as an example of this steady pro-

gress. The report states, that there is a very marked improvement with regard to the number of matriculated students. In the first year there were only 89,—the number rose to 108 in the second year,—and in the present year it was 119. There is also a considerable increase in the fees derived from the students. In the first year they amounted to 1,200*l.*, in the second to 1,300*l.*, and in the present to 1,443*l.* The full number of scholarships founded in the college is 30 junior scholarships in the faculty of arts, 6 in that of medicine, 3 in that of law, 2 in the department of engineering, and 4 in that of agriculture. There are, besides, 10 senior scholarships; but, as they are to be held by students in the fourth year of their course, they have not yet come into existence. The "discipline" is described as perfect. No student has been brought before the council for misconduct; and notwithstanding that the professors and the students are of various opinions in religion and other matters, "the greatest harmony pervades every department."—Here at least there is some gleam of hope for Ireland.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—April 14.—Mr. Vaux read a paper in which he gave an account of Col. Rawlinson's last discoveries in the interpretation of the Assyrian Inscriptions. Mr. Vaux also mentioned Col. Rawlinson's intention of continuing the excavations at Nimrud and Koyunjik in person during the month of March,—and that Mr. Loftus had commenced the excavation into the great Mound at Susa.—Mr. Lloyd read a paper on a celebrated Vase which was found some years since in Italy, and which has been called from the name of its discoverer the François Vase. Its main subject is, the Life of Achilles,—which is portrayed in a variety of scenes, commencing with the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, and terminating with the death of the hero.

HORTICULTURAL.—April 6.—W. W. Salmon, Esq. in the chair.—It was announced that the Council had recommended that H.R.H. Prince Albert and his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, now Fellows of the Society, should be nominated honorary members in two vacancies now existing; whereupon they were balloted for, and elected honorary members.—As regards subjects of exhibition, the greatest novelty was *Phalœopsis Lobbia*, from Messrs. Veitch—a highly promising species, uniting the colour of *P. rosea* with the large blossoms of the white butterfly plant (*P. amabilis*). The example exhibited was small, having been only recently imported, and now flowering for the first time; but it served to show what may be expected from larger and better established plants: a large Silver Medal was awarded it. The same nurseryman produced a *Posoqueria* (?) from the Organ Mountains, possessing an elegant habit, and bearing quantities of long creamy white, peculiarly scented flowers; a Certificate of Merit was awarded it.—Mr. Franklin contributed a collection of Orchids, containing well cultivated examples of *Dendrobium nobile*, and the rhubarb-scented *D. macrophyllum*; a charming *Maxillaria*, labelled a variety of *M. Harrisonia*, but, in reality, quite a different thing, and much handsomer; the beautiful and somewhat scarce Brazilian *Oncidium sarcodes*, the sweet *Trichopil (T. suavis)*, and *Lycaete gigantea*; a Knightian Medal was awarded.—Messrs. Henderson sent a little tree of the Oleander-leaved *Eriostemon*, and a pyramidal plant of *E. intermedia*; also the pretty *Boronia tryphilla*; a variegated-leaved *Coronilla glauca*; *Elaeocarpus dentatus*; a species of *Aotus*; two dwarf, compact, tree-flowering *Rhododendrons*, and a highly interesting collection of Hyacinths, for which a Banksian Medal was awarded.—Mr. Turner communicated a stand of Pansy blooms, and six charmingly blossomed

examples of the same plant in pots, in order to further prove that such things may be successfully grown in that way, and likewise to show that few plants make a better display, and at less expense, than the Pansy during the early spring months. A Certificate of Merit was awarded for the plants in pots.—An interesting collection of Roses was shown by Messrs. Lane, from a rose house heated on the Polmaise principle. They consisted of some of the best of the Hybrid Perpetual, Bourbon, and Tea-scented kinds, as Apollon, Baronne Prevost, Chateaubriand, Cornet, Duchesse de Praslin, Duc d'Alençon, Duchess of Sutherland, William Jesse, Géant des Batailles, General Negrier, Madame Trudeaux, Soleil d'Austerlitz, Standard of Marengo, Armosa, Madame Angelina, Paul Joseph, Queen, Souvenir de la Malmaison, Mrs. Bosanquet, Belle Allemande, Comte de Paris, Moiré, Smith's Yellow, Vicomtesse de Cazes, Fortune's Double Yellow, and others. A Banksian Medal was awarded.—Mr. Chapman received a Certificate of Merit for a good example of Cayenne Pine-apple, weighing 5*½* lb.—Mr. Jones sent three Ripley Queen Pine-apples, weighing respectively 4 lb. 2 oz., 3 lb. 13 oz., and 3 lb. 10 oz.—From Mr. Law came a dish of forced Peaches from trees growing in pots. They were quite ripe, but not very large or well coloured, which, however, could hardly be expected at this season. A Certificate of Merit was awarded them.—Mr. McEwen exhibited five pots of Keen's Seedling Strawberries and one of Alice Maude. They were loaded with large and well ripened fruit, and were in every way very fine examples of this kind of gardening. It was stated that the best sort for forcing, according to Mr. McEwen's experience, was Keen's seedling; the next Alice Maude. A Certificate of Merit was awarded.—Hamburgh Grapes, ripe and black, but entirely destitute of bloom, were produced by Mr. Allport, to whom a Certificate of Merit was awarded.—A plan for labelling roses, the invention of Mr. Bohn, was brought under the notice of the meeting by the Rev. W. B. Hawkins. Mr. Bohn uses a paper label, at one end of which is printed the name of the rose in bold black-faced type, and at the other end the colour and general description of the plant. This label is then folded and pasted back to back; it is then placed in a small flat tube of glass closed at both ends, with a ring (in glass) at one end to hold some soft wire, by which it is to be suspended from the plant. The cost of such labels was stated to be about five farthings each, everything included. They are extremely neat, and no doubt will be found to answer for most purposes where hanging labels are required, provided they prove to be sufficiently durable.—The Garden of the Society furnished the vivid crimson or rather scarlet *Azalea obtusa*, the Jasmine-like *Rhynchospermum*, a sweet-scented cold greenhouse plant; the double white and red flowering Chinese Peaches; two of the smaller growing Acacias that are suitable for pot-culture; *Beaufortia decussata*; the white *Ceanothus cuneatus*, and dark blue *C. rigidus*; *Echynanthus speciosus*, one of the handsomest of the genus; two Epacris; the large variety of *Justicia carnea*, and one or two other plants.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—April 5.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. A. White exhibited some insects taken by Dr. J. Hooker when on his botanical mission in the Himalaya; especially noticing *Urophora Hardwickii*, of which there was one male with the hairy tail-like appendage thought to pertain only to the female. Mr. White also exhibited some insects, chiefly Coleoptera, brought by Dr. Thompson from Little Tibet, where he took them at an elevation of 8,000 feet. Among them were *Chrysomela fastuosa*, *Peryphus littoralis*, and some others apparently identical with British specimens of these species. Mr. White likewise read some extracts of a letter from J. C. Bowring, Esq., Corresponding Member at Hong Kong; of which those of most interest were, the notice of his discovery on Mount Parker of a species of *Brachelytra*, with the antennæ so much pectinated as to be almost flabellate, and the fact that since 1848 he had not been able to find any *Pausanias*, though he had searched diligently.—Mr. E. Shepherd exhibited larvae of *Botys Urticæ* under a piece of dead bark

of a tree where they had spun their cocoons and hibernated, not having yet assumed the pupa state.

—Mr. Douglas exhibited *Nepticula ignobilis* reared from hazel leaves gathered in the autumn, shoots of *Stellaria holostea* with the terminal leaves twisted up by larvæ of *Golechia contigua*, shoots of *Stellaria uliginosa* similarly attacked by larvæ of *Golechia fraternella*, and leaves of bramble in which the larvæ of a *Nepticula* had mined a tortuous gallery.—The President exhibited some specimens of *Blatta Germanica*, forwarded from Kildare,—where they had caused much annoyance in a house by devouring everything to which they could gain access, and then retreating to their quarters behind the skirting boards. It was not this species, but *B. Laponica*, which was so destructive to the dried fish and other provisions of the Laplanders.—The President read another inquiry how best to get rid of the pest of cockroaches (*B. Orientalis*); when several members mentioned as remedies basins baited with bread, phosphorus, a mixture of oatmeal and plaster of Paris, turpentine sprinkled about the room at night, and hedgehogs, which feed greedily on cockroaches.—The President exhibited specimens of the new cochineal insect, *Coccus Fabæ*, which fed on the common bean, and yielded a most brilliant colour. Its cultivation on an extensive scale had commenced in the south of France, and was expected to supply a new opening for the industry of the peasantry.—Mr. Smith communicated an inquiry how the damage done to corks of bottled wine could be prevented. It was suggested to cut the corks close to the neck of the bottle and cover them with a mixture of wax and resin which would be impervious to the insect whatever it might be.—Mr. Douglas called attention to the subject of insects found impaled on thorns; stating that it was Mr. Gould's opinion that they were transfixed by the wind, and not so placed by shrikes, as had been supposed,—for he had found them at a period of the year when shrikes had not arrived in this country. Mr. Douglas requested that the position of impaled insects in regard to the thorn might be noted in future instances. Mr. Douglas exhibited a bee recently caught having three *Sytips* in its abdomen.—The President remarked, that no greater number had been observed in a bee,—but Dr. Burmeister had informed him that he had seen seven streptipterous parasites in a wasp in Brazil.—A note from Mr. S. S. Saunders in Albania was read, stating that he had proved that the bees of the genus *Hyleus* were not parasitic in other bees' nests,—but made cells and stored up honey for their young in bramble sticks.—The Secretary read a translation of part of Zeller's 'Revision of the Pterophoridae' relating to the larvæ of those species whose early states are known.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 13.

—J. M. Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair.—The first paper read was an 'Account of a Swing Bridge over the River Rother, at Rye, on the Line of the Ashford and Hastings Branch of the South-Eastern Railway,' by Mr. C. May.—The next paper was 'A Description of the Lattice-beam Viaduct to carry the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway across the River Nore, near Thomastown, County Kilkenny,' by Capt. W. S. Moorsom.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THU. DAY, April 14.—On Buddhist Architecture, by Mr. Jas. Ferguson.
 MON. ROYAL INSTITUTION, 4.—On the Chemistry of the Metals, by Mr. C. B. Mansfield.
 —Chemical, &c.
 —Statistical of Chittagong, Bengal, by Asst. Surgeon J. R. Bedford.—A Notice of the Mortality from Cholera in England in 1848-9, by Mr. W. Farr, Jun.
 TUES. ROYAL INSTITUTION, 2.—On the Physiology of Plants, by E. Lankester, M.D.
 —Linnæan, &c.
 —Syr-Egyptian.—Anniversary.
 —Pathological, 7.—Council.
 CIVIL ENGINEERS, 8.—On the Economy of Railways, by Mr. Braithwaite Poole.
 HORTICULTURAL, 3.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION, 4.—On the Chemistry of the Metals, by Mr. C. B. Mansfield.
 SOCIETY OF ARTS, 8.—An Attempt to Define the Principles which should determine Form in the Decorative Arts, by Mr. M. Dieby Wyatt.
 GEOLOGICAL, half-past 8.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION, 3.—On the History and Practice of Sculpture, by Mr. R. Westmacott, R.A.
 —Numismatic, 7.
 ROYAL INSTITUTION, half-past 8.—On the Analogies of Light and Heat, by the Rev. Prof. Baden Powell.

—Philological, &c.
 —Antiquarian.—Anniversary.
 SAT. ROYAL INSTITUTION, 2.—On Points connected with the Non-Metallic Elements, by Prof. Faraday.
 —Potanical, &c.
 —Medical, &c.

FINE ARTS

PRACTICAL ART.

A letter has been addressed to the President of the Board of Trade by the Superintendents of the lately established Department of Practical Art, Mr. H. Cole and Mr. R. Redgrave—which is a somewhat important document.—Three principal objects are pointed out by them as constituting the business of the new department:—the promotion of elementary instruction in drawing and modelling,—special instruction in the knowledge and practice of ornamental Art,—and the practical application of such knowledge to the improvement of manufactures.

Much might be said with regard to each of these three points. In what is observed concerning the first of them, Messrs. Cole and Redgrave call attention to what is both a main desideratum and a main difficulty. "It is obvious," they observe, "that unless the public as consumers are sufficiently educated to appreciate improved Art in manufactures, it will not be the interest of manufacturers to aim at its production,—and that the labours of this department must be in some measure fruitless."—This is most true. Whatever be the case with regard to high Art,—which looks for its appreciation and encouragement to the elevated few,—when Art is brought down to the sphere of, and into alliance with, Manufacture, it must submit to be controlled by the taste—or no-taste—of the many. When shall we bethink ourselves of emancipating Art, or even Art-manufacture, from the thralldom of fashion? One step towards accomplishing such emancipation would be, to educate the general public,—or rather for them to begin to educate themselves so as to be able to appreciate and relish Art and good taste for their own sakes.

The manufacturer is of necessity a trader; and as such he cannot be other than under the influence of those three mystic and cabalistic letters, L. S. D. Therefore, although art-manufacturers, and artists, too, of all grades, are loth to acknowledge it, it is the taste of the public—and as far as manufactures are concerned, that of the general public or million—that sways the destiny of that kind of art and taste which is ambitious chiefly of popularity. No doubt mere fashion can do much for the advancement of good taste, and has sometimes done so; yet it seems to be for a while only, more or less brief. There is a double reason for this:—first, because fashion itself is a most variable and weathercock thing,—and secondly, because it is for the interest of the manufacturer that it should be so. The problem, then, is, how to surmount the obstacle so opposed to the permanency of good taste, and how to secure steady anchorage for the latter?

But we are getting too discursive. Let us recall ourselves by observing that in what is said under the head of "Higher instruction in Ornamental Art," due stress is laid on the necessity of discriminatingly encouraging the aspirants to "Practical Art" celebrity. The *non ex quois ligno fit Mercurius* ought to be steadily borne in mind. If we are ambitious of excellence, we must discountenance mediocrity,—and measure ourselves not by ourselves, but by our Continental rivals.—We may also take this opportunity of remarking, that we have as yet no one work which treats systematically of æsthetics, or the principles of taste.—"It is desirable," say the superintendents, "that every one, whether manufacturer, tradesman, or artisan, should be made acquainted with the principles of Ornamental Art:—to which we would add, by way of "amendment,"—and most of all is it so that their employers should understand them equally well.

Coming now to the last and not least important head of the letter in question, we would say that too much care cannot be taken to impress on students the necessity of distinguishing between the merely copying of any former style—be it ever so

correctly done—and the seizing on its salient characteristics and appropriating them artistically.—The last paragraph of the letter of the superintendents is as follows:—"We do not hesitate to say that the successful development of the new department must necessarily be slow, and that it will be some time ere its full action can be fairly judged. We cannot hope to escape from mistakes; but we trust that vigilance, firmness, prudence, and conciliation will reduce the number of them, and insure a fair trial in this new attempt to afford practical art instruction."—Nothing can be more candid, honest and straightforward.

In connexion with the matter of the letter to the President of the Board of Trade, we may properly touch on a little tract, or letter, entitled 'Observations on Teaching Drawing,' submitted to the Society of Arts by the author of 'Drawing for Young Children.' We have always thought that drawing should be admitted among the other elements of general, or what is called school, education. Its acquisition partakes more of amusement than of drudgery; and its uses are of far higher importance than those of much that is usually taught in schools,—to be forgotten in after life.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We learn from Paris that the Triumphal Arch at the Barrière de l'Étoile is at length to be finished. Our Art readers are aware that the reason why this splendid monument has remained so long in its present state of incompleteness was, the difficulty of finding any other figure that could properly replace the Napoleon which policy interdicted. M. Thiers once proposed to surmount the arch with a gigantic eagle; but Louis Philippe, who restored the Emperor's statue to the column in the Place Vendôme and his ashes to the sepulchre at the Invalides, objected to restore the eagle to France. All scruples have vanished with the monarchy and the republic. M. Pradier has been entrusted with the execution of the work; and if the model sent by him to the Ministry of the Interior be adopted, the emperor will be represented in his coronation robes, holding the sceptre in one hand and the globe surmounted by a cross in the other. The figure will be seated on an eagle placed on a trophy of arms rising out of a thunder cloud.

We may mention also that the French Government have taken measures for erecting a statue to Marshal Ney. A sum of 50,000 francs has been granted by the Senate for this purpose.

The Sardinian Government has determined to proceed at once to the erection of an equestrian statue to Charles Albert. More than 24,000*l.* has been appropriated to the work,—which it is hoped will become the great Art-monument of Turin, as Rauch's 'Frederick' is that of Berlin. The individual artist has not yet been selected. Seven sculptors—MM. de Nieuwerkerque, of Paris, Louis Rochet, of Paris, Rauch, of Berlin; Tenerani, of Florence, Schwanthaler, of Munich, Marochetti, now in London, and a young Piedmontese sculptor, Pierrotti—were some time ago chosen as the first list of competitors; but death, as our readers know, has been busy with this list, and it will now probably be somewhat altered. Each competitor will be invited to send in a certain number of models,—out of which the judges will select one.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—The THIRD CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, April 18, on which occasion 'ROMEO and JULIET,' a Dramatic Symphony, by Hector Berlioz, will be repeated. A Selection from 'LA VESTALE,' by Spontini, will be given, together with other important Works. The celebrated Pianiste, Madame Pleyel, will perform at this Concert. Tickets, &c. at Messrs. Cramer, Beale & Co. 201, Regent-street. WILBERT BEALE, Secretary.

MUSICAL UNION.—H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, Patron.—TUESDAY, April 20.—Doors open at Three.—Willis's Rooms.—Quintet in D, Mozart; Quartet, B flat, No. 6, Beethoven; Trio, D minor, Piano, &c. Mendelssohn; Solo, Fiancée, Executants—Silvri, Gury, Moralt (from Munich), Flauti. Pianiste—Madame Pleyel (her first performance in England since 1848). Subscribers are requested to pay their Subscriptions before the commencement of the Season, to prevent delay at the Concert Rooms. Joachim, Viennese, are engaged. Ernst is shortly expected to arrive; also, Mdlle. Claus and Mdlle. Grauer, Böttcher, Passer, Charles Halle, and other Artists will successively perform. Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of the Treasurers for all the MATINEES, at Messrs. Cramer & Co. 201, Regent Street. J. ELLIS, Director.

words as one who "holds a recognized position among the ablest musical professors of the day." This will be news to many besides ourselves. Nor is such assumption justified by the specimen selected to show Dr. Wyld's ability as a composer. The place for his *Concerto* is a *Royal Academy Concert*, or other training arena, in which, by hearing his music, the student on self-correction bent may study his deficiencies. An essay so uninteresting, ambitious, and straggling in construction as the work in question, which was carefully performed by M. Billet, should be confined to an audience of partial friends or plain-speaking teachers. But Dr. Wyld being as yet a *tyro*, may possibly—and we hope, will—do better. The other English work was, Mr. E. Loder's 'Island of Calypso.'—This *Cantata*, which occupied the second act of Wednesday's concert, belongs to a writer at his maturity, and in itself bears evidence that little further progress is to be expected from him. Even considered as an unrepresented opera (which no *Cantata* should be), the work ranks below Mr. E. Loder's 'Nourjahad' and 'The Night Dancers,' and discourages hope by the despatchness of its platitudes. It merely displays the readiness and self-possession of one who cares little what he writes, and who has lost that freshness of interest, if not of invention, which makes many an attempt far less pretty and far more uncouth, more interesting, because more promising. Having long had the published music before us, we can state this opinion without a too precipitate yielding to immediate impressions,—and without being prejudiced by the execution of Mr. Loder's music; which was halting, timid, and in no respect so well calculated to do justice to the English composer as the performances at St. Martin's Hall of similar productions by which Mr. Hullah (without parade or self-recommendation) has done his part in the ungrateful task of trying to help those who will not help themselves.—A few more displays of native talent such as Wednesday's will throw a wet blanket, if not a funeral pall, over the *New Philharmonic Society*.—To disguise the truth is an act of delusive cruelty to those who are looking around them in search of hints how and where they had best shape their efforts,—and who wonder why they are not indulged with torch processions, serenades, and Court appointments.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Her Majesty's Theatre re-opened on Tuesday evening, with Rossini's elegant 'L'Italia in Algeri,'—the part of *Isabella* being sung by Mdlle. Angri, and the opera not otherwise strongly cast.—Mdlle. Cruvelli, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Lablache are this evening to appear in 'Norma.'—Mdlle. Wagner has been advertised to make her *début* next week as *Romeo* in 'I Montecchi,'—Mr. Lumley announcing that her engagement with him was signed on the 9th of November last. The management of the *Royal Italian Opera*, meanwhile, continues no less confidently to advertise that Mdlle. Wagner's services are exclusively secured to Covent Garden Theatre.—The truth, we fancy from what we can gather, may turn out to be something like this:—that Mdlle. Wagner's engagement with Mr. Lumley was based on the fulfilment by him of certain prescribed conditions within a certain time,—and that by his failing to do this, the Lady was according to law free to contract herself anew with Mr. Gye;—who has, accordingly, secured her.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre has this season set a good example by substituting a poetical composition of much feeling and fancy for a burlesque of pen and parody. The title of this experiment on public taste is 'Wittikind and his Brothers; or, the Seven Swan Princes and the Fair Melusine.' It is the production of Mr. Tom Taylor, and is written with remarkable elegance. The author has resorted to Grimm's tale 'Die Sieben Schwänen' for his materials. The story is simple enough,—and consists of two symmetrical parts. Urged by the malignity of his second wife *Mandragore* (Mrs. Winstanley), the royal father (Mr. Meadows) of *Melusine* (Miss Leclercq) has withdrawn from court his daughter, and had her brought up in rusticity

and virtue far away from the influence of her step-mother,—who, besides being a queen, is a powerful enchantress. After awhile, however, the monarch, induced by parental fondness, recalls the young lady,—whose re-union with her seven brothers is equally agreeable to her and to them. Not so to the queen, who takes immediate vengeance,—"deforming" by means of a magic bath the fair *Melusine*, and "transforming" the seven princes into as many swans. Nor does the king escape; him she changes to a horned owl,—represented by Mr. Flexmore, and kept in a cage as her travelling companion. *Melusine* finds in this extremity a friend in a young shepherd, *Ulf* by name (Miss Robertson), whose attachment continues, notwithstanding the loss of her beauty. A benevolent Fairy also comforts her by appearing to her in a vision, and informing her that by laving in a certain fairy stream that beauty may be recovered. This she does with the desired effect,—followed by her brothers, who as swans turn their beaks to good purpose. They support therewith a net in which they convey the princess to the Court of Avalon,—where they obtain protection from its king. But *Mandragore* with her magical owl also arrives here,—and she poisons the royal mind with her insinuations to such an extent, that *Melusine* and *Ulf* are condemned to an *auto-da-fé*, for witchcraft, in the public square. They are saved by the interference of the good Fairy of the happy vision, who commands *Melusine* to silence until she shall have woven seven shirts for her seven brothers. This important work is completed just as the fire is about to be applied to the pile,—when the swans re-appear on the scene, and taking the shirts re-assume their forms. *Mandragore* is defeated,—and in the end she is herself turned into an owl. It should have been mentioned that the King of Avalon has seven daughters,—which daughters pair off with the seven brothers. The son is at first preserved for *Melusine*—but having consented to her martyrdom, the prince forfeits his chance, which reverts, fairly enough, to *Ulf*.—This poetical spectacle (for such it is) is placed on the stage with lavish expense of scenery and decorations, and accompanied with some beautiful music by M. Robert Stöpel. It was acted well and smoothly,—Mr. Flexmore as the Owl was excellence itself. The audience was evidently satisfied, and the public have secured a novel sort of entertainment in the success of this production.

HAYMARKET.—At this theatre burlesque still maintains its ascendancy. 'The Corsican Brothers' supply the subject which Mr. Mark Lemon has put with considerable skill into rhyme. He has found it rather hard, however, to get a joke out of it,—and indeed keeps too close to the original story to allow of the proper transmutation of melo-drama into extravaganza. The title of the travesty is 'O Gemini! or, the Brothers of Co(u)rae:—the twins being personated by Mr. Buckstone with much humour. But as the effect of the piece depends on its being merely the caricature of another, it is scarcely to be relished without a previous acquaintance with the original. Mrs. L. S. Buckingham as *Chateau-Reynard* was a ludicrous copy of Mr. Wigan. The scenery was brilliant,—the opera masked ball was placed on the stage with adequate appointments.

OLYMPIC.—Here likewise we have the same subject burlesqued; but with wider departures from the original, and therefore with a larger margin for theatrical effects. The title is startling.—'The Camberwell Brothers; or, the Mystic Milkman.' The scene is laid in Cow Lane and in Cremorne Gardens; and the quarrel on which the duel is founded is with an Irishman on account of a French woman. Mr. Compton gives a ludicrous version of the twins,—such wonderful examples of the sympathetic influence due to their original "Siamese" connexion. *Funky and Fighting Franky* are the names by which they are distinguished; the former being more apt to get into a row than brave to go through with it,—but whose broken head is avenged by his *alter-ego* with interest. Mr. Compton depends for much of his effect on his imitations of Mr. Kean's tones and manner:—a

kind of mimicry which Mr. Buckstone, except in one or two instances, avoids.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.—'A Village Tale' is the title of the Easter piece at this house. It is in three acts,—the production of Mr. C. Reade; and is somewhat elaborate in its plot, though the materials are not characterized by any novelty. It is a tale of rural seduction and bigamy,—the victim being one *Rachel Patrick*, a reaper (Miss Maskell), and the profligate one *Richard Hickman*, a wealthy landlord (Mr. Moreland). The scene is laid in Berkshire,—though the story is borrowed from George Sand:—and the manners of the district are painted with much truth to nature. The piece was successful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—On Monday *Drury Lane Theatre* re-opened with 'Robert the Devil,' and at reduced prices of admission:—Mr. Bunn—that most addressing of managers—having recently put forth another state paper for the occasion. In this he proclaims that "the hour" has come for the establishment of Opera, and that "the man" is himself—that he intends, henceforth, to confine himself to musical entertainments and *ballet divertissements*—that he will strengthen the operatic attractions of his theatre,—and that he will forthwith produce *Madame Bochkoltz-Falconi* in 'Fidelio' and 'Ernani:—the last an odd selection in a case and at a time of year when any but managerial common-sense must have felt that rivalry with the two Italian Opera Houses was signally unwise. One innovation, however,—the proposed commencement of the performances at half-past seven—has our hearty support. Only managers of theatres could have so long remained untouched by the change of hours which has passed over English society.—Perhaps, however, we are speculating on shadows rather than on substantive prospects.—Since the above was written, an advertisement has apprised the town that Mr. and Mrs. Reeves have left *Drury Lane Theatre*,—a departure which is calculated to exercise a serious influence on the prospects of the establishment.

It has been reported that to follow 'Le Juif Errant' a translation of Mr. Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl,' with Mdlle. Alboni for heroine, is to be produced at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris. This sounds strange: since, even should that ballad music prove as fit for the *Académie* as we fancy it otherwise, it is a perilous piece of ambition in the fascinating but not very dramatic *prima donna* to attempt a part the original of which having been "created" at the *Grand Opéra* by Mdlle. Fanny Elssler, is still remembered even in fickle Paris as a wonderful and brilliant piece of acting.—We hear that the next original work produced at that theatre may be one by M. Niedermeyer.

Among the dramatic amusements of the Easter week, the holiday folks will find the performances at the Royal Marionette Theatre not the least amusing.—'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp' has been got up as a spectacle there with great character and effect.—Mr. Albany Brown announces more novelties in the form of a *troupe* of ebony Marionettes from America:—whose performances are to commence on Monday next.

M. Maurice's new drama 'Benvenuto Cellini' is described as having entirely succeeded at the *Théâtre Porte St.-Martin*. Madame Dudevant's last theatrical essay 'Les Vacances de Pandolphe' has been less successful than her peasant dramas. It is a feeble attempt to revive the old Italian comedy, without its Pantaloonery, its Harlequinade, or other combinations belonging to the original school. Like other dramatic authors when they have had ill fortune, Madame Dudevant prefaces her published play with a criticism on her critics; and begs indulgence for her experiment with that extreme obedience which, far from being really supplicatory, bears an uncomfortable resemblance to the over-acted humility of conscious superiority.

M. Gounod is surely and steadily advancing in the esteem of his countrymen. At the last concert of the *Société Sainte Cécile*, on Good Friday, was performed and encored another new composition

by him,—an 'Ave verum,' for solo and chorus; which is described in the *Gazette Musicale* (till now chary of admitting the rising composer's merits) as full of beauty.—The next new opera at the *Opéra Comique* is to be—nay, probably by this time is—a two-act work, 'Galathée,' by M. Massé, in which Madame Ugalde and Mlle. Wertheimer have parts.

M. Meyerbeer has just completed a *Cantata* for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Prince Charles of Prussia.—A new opera, 'The Countess of Toulouse,' by Herr Decker, of Königsberg, will shortly be given in that town.—A new 'David,' by Herr Reissiger, was performed at Dresden on Palm Sunday.

For the guidance of summer tourists, it may be mentioned, that the singing festival of associated French, German, and Belgian singers will be held this year at Lille, on the 20th of June.

MISCELLANEA

A Roman journal has printed an obituary of Italians, eminent for Literature, Science and Art who have died during the last year.—*Science*.—Major-General Count Saluzzo, of Monesiglio, President of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin, and ex-Minister of War; General Ansaldo. *Sacred Science*.—Monsignor Andrea Molza, First Custode of the Vatican, and Prof. of the Syro-Chaldaic Language in the University of Rome; Francesco Dei, Prof. of Canonic Institutions in the University of Sienna; Abate Donandi, "Censore e Informatore" of the University of Turin; Agostino Ferrara, ex-Prior-General of the Carmelites, Examiner of Bishops, and Prof. of Moral Theology in the University of Rome; Padre Mazio, Jesuit. *Jurisprudence*.—Cav. Santarelli, President of the Grand Court of Accounts of Naples; Nicola de Luca, Vice-President of the Supreme Court of Justice, Naples; Cav. Lattanzi, Criminal Lt. of the Vicariat of Rome; Raffaele Giacomelle, Prof. in the University of Bologna. *Medicine and Surgery*.—Cav. Quadri, formerly Prof. of Anatomy in the University of Bologna, afterwards Director of the Royal Clinic and Ophthalmic Hospital, and Prof. of the University in Naples; Cav. Cavaia, First Physician of the Principal Hospital in Bologna; Cav. Bucci, First Physician of the Hospital of S. Spirito, Rome; Nunziante Ippolito, Director of Clinics in the University of Naples, &c. &c. *Astronomy and Mathematics*.—Padre Inghirami, ex-General of Pious Schools; Paolo Brambilla, Prof. of Geometry and Algebra in the Lyceum of S. Alessandro, in Milan; Francesco de Filippi, Prof. of Mathematics in the University of Genoa, &c. *Botany, Zoology and Natural History*.—Carlo Donadelli, Prof. of Philosophy and Practical Botany in the University of Rome; Giuseppe Guile, Prof. of Botany and Natural History in the University of Sienna; Telemaco Metaxà, Prof. of Zoology in the University of Rome. *Economic Science*.—Marquis Mazzacurati, President of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures of Bologna; Cav. Vanni, ex-President of the Council General of Tuscany. *Literature*.—Francesco Cherubini, Director of the Imperial and Royal Normal School in Milan; Abate Mistovigo, Prof. of History and Philosophy in the Lyceum of Vicenza; Abate Santucci, Rector of the Capranicense College, Rome, &c. &c. *Fine Arts and Design*.—Painting, Cav. Biscarra, Chief Painter to His Sardinian Majesty, Director of the Royal Albert Academy of Turin; Nicola Benvenuti. Sculpture, Desiderio Cesari. *Architecture*.—Giulio Aluisetti, Counsellor and Prof. in the Imp. and R. Academy of Milan; Cav. Eugenio de Capitani, Prof. in the Academy of Bergamo; Alessandro Rossini, Inspector of Public Monuments in Rome. *Perspective*.—Francesco Durelli, Counsellor and Prof. in the Imp. and R. Academy of Milan. *Cutting on Stones and Steel*.—Cav. Girometti, Prof. of Pontifical Roman Academy of St. Luke. *Engravers on Copper*.—Pietro Marchetti and Giuseppe Cozzi. *Music*.—Count Spontini, Superintendent-General of Music to his Prussian Majesty; Domenico Colombo and Francesco Blasius. *Singers*.—Secondo Torre. *Dramatic Writers*.—Baron Cosenza. *Actors*.—Pietro Monti.

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